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ENGLISH REVIEW
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OCTOBER, 1932

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THE HILPES AND THEIR BOOKS
Douglas Woodruff

TORYISM AND PROPERTY
The Earl of Iddesleigh

A COUNTRYMAN'S DIARY
A. G. Street

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Edited by Herbert Agar
Reviews by:—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS; R. H. MOTTRAM; SIR CHARLES PETRIE; HUGH KINGSMILL; OSBERT BURDETT, ETC.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

26th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1932

World Reformers

Lives of "great men" all remind us
We can join them at their play,
Leaving little pies behind us
For the tide to wash away.

J. B. MORTON.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER 1932

Current Comments

Conservatism and the "English Review."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW has for some years been on the defensive. It has been occupied in asserting fundamental principles, and in trying to re-establish the claim of Conservatism to a place in the forefront of the intellectual argument of our times. We have been at least fortunate in our opportunity. The trend of post-war legislation has been almost uniformly directed towards the economic disruption of the family, the domination of the State by sectional interests, be they proletarian or financial, and the objective denial of moral values in home and foreign politics. The results of ten years' experiments in these policies must have raised doubts, even in Bedlam, as to the wisdom of the new dispensation. These doubts, universal and overwhelming, brought the present Government into office. But they will be far from sufficient to keep it there, for we have to-day, as the fruit of the revival of Conservative thought, for the first time for many years, a large, organized and growing body of opinion, more revolutionary than die-hard, young and enthusiastic rather than prejudiced and crabbed, which is determined that the chance of applying Conservative principles constructively should not be lost.

So Far, so Good.

SO far the record of the National Government has been, with one exception, admirable. It has every claim to the nation's gratitude and there is reason to hope that as far as sound finance is concerned it will continue to deserve it. But in the four years of office which remain to it, the National Government has four main tasks, to

none of which has it yet set its hand. These tasks are constitutional reform, the restoration of our basic industries, the restoration of British agriculture, and a successful foreign policy directed not to prolonging the round of international tea-parties, but to the restoration of international order, without which there can be no trade revival.

The present Government has not been able so far to begin its constructive programme: so disorganized has it been by the emergencies of the last few months, and so concentrated on the measures immediately necessary to deal with them, that our prestige on the Continent has fallen lower even than in the last days of the Coalition Government. Meanwhile, unemployment increases and agriculture is at a standstill. We do not cite these facts as a criticism. The Government has not so far had more than enough time to restore our finances and our trade balance. But it is necessary to make it equally clear that the Government will be judged from now onwards by its constructive programme.

Action and the Alternatives.

WHAT is the Government's policy on constitutional reform, on coal, and on agriculture? Is it moving, or will it move, towards the corporate State or the Socialist State? Is it yet really convinced that we can no longer rely for our prosperity solely on our export trade, and that the urban voter would rather be employed than eat cheap food on the dole? Above all, does our Foreign Office yet realize that our readiness to compromise every issue is leading Europe to the brink of a catastrophe, that problems continually shelved become insoluble, and that conferences of the Great Powers which shirk every decision to secure the appearance of unanimity are leading to a determination on the part of many countries to cut adrift from the post-war settlements and face the consequences once and for all? The electorate to-day is wholly apathetic about the National Government. They

will be engaged in the next twelve months in making up their mind about it, and their decision will be far more momentous than people realize. Nothing less than the political system itself is at stake. Either this Government will face its problems and meet them with clear-cut measures planned along coherent lines, or the Government will fall, or this country, like Germany, will have to choose between a dictatorship of the Right and a dictatorship of the Left. The electorate will not be content with inaction.

Outlines of a Constructive Policy.

IN subsequent numbers of the REVIEW we propose to ask competent authorities well grounded in Conservative principles to define what seem to them to be the essentials of wise constitutional reform, of a coal policy, of an agricultural policy, of an industrial policy. We must learn to distinguish between policies and programmes. God forbid that we should waste the time either of our contributors or our readers in making paper "plans" for looking after other people's businesses for them. That is Socialism, not Conservatism. Conservative policy must be directed always and consistently to restoring the conditions under which the family, whether working in the coal mine, on the farm or in the factory, is self-subsistent. To restore those conditions a measure of protection or import control may be necessary, but it is proper to distinguish between the kind of protection which enables a British manufacturer to be less efficient than his Continental rival, and the kind of protection which is intended to mitigate a wholly unnatural state of affairs, whereby we use foreign fuel and keep the producers of British fuel on the dole, and live on foreign food and maintain two millions in idleness in our towns.

Is Conservatism a Party Creed?

THERE are many who will feel that unanimity among professional politicians is attainable: that we cannot

be sure of attaining wisdom if we sacrifice unanimity: that the public expects national action from a National Government, and that nothing could be more untimely than the attempt to bring the Conservative philosophy, excellent though it is in our perorations, into the region of practical politics. The answer to this is simple. The post-war economic solution (State capitalism), and the post-war international solution (pacifist internationalism) have alike broken down. Those responsible for the conduct of affairs must face increasingly angry challenges from those who have been the (so far) silent and (so far) unredeemedly unfortunate victims of these policies. We stand at the parting of the ways. Either those charged with the defence and application of Conservative principles will cease merely to defend them and begin to apply them, or the future will rest with revolutionary socialism. If the principles of Conservatism are just and wise, the life of the government and of the party alike depend upon their application to the problems before us. Nothing but disaster, final and irrevocable, can come to our National Government if it acts on wrong principles. To acquiesce in such a course is merely to allow the National Government to commit suicide at the public expense. That would be neither loyal to the Government nor fair to the public. There is no middle course for us in England, any more than there was in Russia.

Ottawa and the Cabinet.

IT is uncertain as we go to press what attitude the "Samuel" Liberals will take on the Ottawa Conference decisions, nor does it greatly matter. In old days we should have welcomed anything which would help to reunite the Liberal Party and thus to ensure a strong and virile expression of genuinely liberal thought in the nation's counsels. Unfortunately, modern Liberalism is likely, whether in office or out of it, to be silent when any question of liberty is at issue. Those who see

the only hope for this country in a return to the principle of personal responsibility, who demand the repeal of restrictive and puritanical legislation, will get no kind of support from parliamentary Liberalism. Still less can the enemies of religious and political persecution, slave labour, and the oppression of force expect the slightest assistance from a party which has made no effective protest since the war against the religious persecutions in Russia and Mexico, the intolerable aggression against life, property and civil liberty throughout China, and the constant employment of force and the threat of civil war within and without the Empire as everyday weapons in civil, political, and constitutional disputes. Why Liberalism should invariably to-day declare itself the ally of every revolutionary movement which is based on force and committed to the persecution of opinion, the denial of civil rights, and the confiscation of property is a mystery. But the fact remains.

The Nadir of Liberalism.

THE fact is particularly unfortunate to-day. As Conservatives we do not go by any means the whole way with the old-fashioned individualism. Genuine Liberalism touches the very core of the Conservative creed, however, in its insistence on the responsibility of the individual, and Conservatism would be immensely assisted in its fight against the encroachments of bureaucracy if genuine Liberalism were to-day a vital force in our public life. Modern Liberalism, unfortunately, has lost its moral energy, and its intellectual convictions. It clings to unilateral Free Trade, which is not a liberal doctrine, and seeks to bolster up its weaknesses by socialistic legislation. It refuses to face the new facts which have destroyed the once unanswerable case for our own Free Trade policy. Its policy abroad is the old bad policy of the balance of power, the policy of undermining the powers that appear to be strongest and holding out inconclusive and nebulous offers to the powers that

appear to be weak. Worst of all, it betrays once again the old incurable inability to face facts which are disconcerting to its political aims. Just as before the war we were assured that Germany was aiming at peace, so to-day Mr. Lloyd George, because he opposes the French policy in regard to the Peace Treaties, has no hesitation in describing France as the predominant military power with a militarist policy, and of ignoring the colossal military budget of Russia, the immense increase in the naval and military expenditure of the United States, and the vigour and efficiency of the Italian army and navy under the Fascist regime.

France, Mr. Lloyd George and the Press.

TWO blacks do not make a white. Sir Charles Petrie, in his notes on Foreign Affairs, deals fully and frankly with the Franco-German situation. We are concerned here with the Liberal attitude to the question, which is crystallizing into a bitter anti-French campaign, supported, unfortunately, by many "moderate" Conservatives and by at least two powerful newspapers. We complain of a lack of realism. It is foolish to pretend that France is not still a powerful nation, but it is equally foolish not to realize that a nation which has reduced its period of military service from three years to an average of nine months has not diminished its military strength by much more than two-thirds. To talk of armies in terms of numbers only is childish. And the new factor in the situation must also be faced. Both in Russia and Germany semi-military formations organized for political, educational and police purposes are the order of the day. France has no equivalent, and no inclination to form any such organizations. Is she to be forced to do so?

A Few Facts.

NOR, on numbers alone, is France to be condemned out of hand. In 1913 France had 790,000 fully

trained effectives; to-day she has 650,000, inadequately trained. This is a **reduction** in numbers alone of 17·7%. Meanwhile Italy, which had 305,000 effectives in 1913, has to-day 491,000—an **increase** in numbers alone of over 50%. The U.S.A. which had 92,000 effectives in 1913, has to-day over 140,000—again, an **increase** of over 50%.

A Countryman's Diary.

WE begin this month the publication of "A Countryman's Diary" by Mr. A. G. Street, known to many thousands of readers, including the leader of the Conservative Party, as the author of "Farmer's Glory." Such a diary is worth many thousands of words by "agricultural experts." As we read it, we are listening to the running comments of a practical farmer on the day's work, and getting at first hand his reactions to our town-made sciences, politics, economics, and all the different "isms" which have depopulated half the countryside, without, however, causing it to lose either its heart or its head.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Sir Walter Scott: A Centenary Estimate

By Hugh Walpole

THE Centenary of Sir Walter Scott's death has been celebrated now in England and Scotland for some six months, and one fact concerning it becomes increasingly clear: namely, that in spite of two admirable new Lives, many eloquent articles, pageants, dinners, speeches, exhibitions and letters to the Press, there is a deep gulf fixed in this matter, a gulf that cannot apparently be crossed, a gulf between the young and the old.

Of all the questions concerning Scott that may at this moment be asked, none is more interesting than this: Why are the middle-aged and elderly so firmly convinced that they have something here of the richest value and yet, in spite of every kind of oratory and pleading, are they quite unable to persuade the younger generations of their treasure?

This is, in fact, a unique case. Of no other of the English Classics can this be said. Shakespeare is universally accepted by all the generations and is still read even by the young and scornful. Chaucer, Pope, Fielding, Richardson, Byron, Browning, Thackeray, and Tennyson are, on the whole, not read (it is a fanciful belief on the part of the young just now that Printing was discovered about 1920), but are generally admitted. Jane Austen, Dickens, Peacock, Trollope, John Donne, Emily Brontë *are* read and are discussed as though the young were responsible for their existence. Concerning all these authors no battle rages. They are accepted and read or not read as the personal taste may be. But with Scott the battle-cries are vibrant, poignant, unceasing. Some of the Aged indeed reject him. Arnold Bennett was amazed that anyone should read a word of him, never having read a word of him himself, and there are other critics equally innocent, equally

contemptuous. But on the whole, the Aged, led by old Scottish professors, romantic novelists, like John Buchan and myself, ladies in the country, clergymen, doctors and kindly old bachelors, continue to protest that there are glorious things in Scott, things that can be found nowhere else and that not to know him is to miss one of the glories of our Literature. The odd thing is that in this particular matter, if in none other, the Aged are right and the Bright Young Things are wrong. They are not only wrong, they are ignorant—for not a single one of them can support their distaste with proof. They have never read a line of the Waverley Novels. Why? Partly because their generation is not romantically minded, partly because it is altogether *not* the fashion to believe in the things in which Scott believed, partly because "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth" were given to their mothers and fathers for school-prizes and holiday-tasks and therefore their mothers and fathers loathed them, partly because Scott was often long-winded and sententious, but chiefly because they believe Scott to have been an historical novelist and the historical novel is to-day an anachronism and an absurdity.

The charge against Scott's view of the world is a very real one. He was one of the last members of the old feudal aristocracy. He adored the past because he had a passion for his country, whose past glories were to him present history. He was a snob, if you like, because he really thought that to be born a gentleman was an advantage. (It must be remembered, though, that his coachman, his woodman, his gardener were among his dearest and most personal friends.) He also believed in a high aristocracy of conduct. It is a common charge now among his detractors that he was dishonest in business, lied about his authorship of the novels and, when his fortunes crashed, deserved what he got. That is a long and tangled story, but this at least may be said here: that, if he was careless in business, he was heroically courageous in misfortune and that his

" Journal," which shows him as he was in his dark days, is one of the finest records of a brave man in disaster extant.

Nevertheless, his novels were all concerned with nobility of conduct and nobility in the simplest way. You did your duty or you shirked it and consequences followed accordingly. This business of nobility of conduct, of having ideals, of believing that life is a battle for character, is for the immediate young generation tiresome, old-fashioned and humorous. It is not reprehensible; it is simply dull and odd. There has sprung up in England and America during recent years a kind of novel which exactly explains why the new generation in these countries finds the " Waverley Novels " quite impossible to read. It began in England with Mr. Evelyn Waugh's " Decline and Fall " and " Vile Bodies," and in America with Miss Anita Loos' " Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the excellent short stories of Dorothy Parker. Recent examples in England of this kind have been Miss Gough's " Public Affaires," and Lady Longford's " Making Conversation " and " Country Places." They are all very amusing, witty, delightful to read, and very like one another. They might, in fact, allowing for the differences of English and American colour, have been all written by the same person. They are not, these writers, as were the generation of novelists just before them—the Remarques, the Richard Aldingtons, the Aldous Huxleys—fierce, bitter, desperately pessimistic. They are not pessimistic at all. They do not say: " The world is ruined. Life is farce. We are nothing but monkeys—stupid, chattering and doomed." On the contrary they consider such agitation quite absurd. They are not immoral; they are simply a-moral. Adulteries, fornications, murders are exactly the same to them as a cup of tea in the morning or the breakdown of a motor-car. Life is just a ridiculous game in which all the players are equally ridiculous, the writers themselves included. I find these books delightful and greatly

prefer them to the Jeremiads that followed the end of the War. Nor are they any new thing. They are a return to the a-moral materialism of the eighteenth century and, avoiding the coarseness, have caught exactly the amused rather lazy indifference of the Congreves and Wycherleys, the lighter Pope and the frivolous Horace Walpole of that century.

It was, however, exactly that period that Scott succeeded, and, as every period in Art reacts from the period immediately before it, so Scott seemed then new and vigorous to a world weary of pleasant nonsense. It follows, therefore, that his Centenary could not have arrived at a moment more unfortunate for his reputation than this present one.

Matters are the worse in that he had enjoyed eighty years at least of almost undiminished fame. Read some of the contemporary criticism of the nineties and you will find that all the literary leaders of that time—Henley, Stevenson, Saintsbury, Colvin, Walter Raleigh, Bradley, Andrew Lang, H. D. Traill—exulted in him. They may seem old men to us now, but they were not old men then. Moreover, up to 1900 at least, he was read constantly by the young and, in spite of school prizes, the eulogies of elderly schoolmasters and the rest, very often enjoyed by them. New editions poured from the printing presses and it seemed as though his reputation was firm for evermore.

It is not enough, however, for those who believe in him to explain his present neglect only by the taste of the immediate moment. He is suffering the fate of all great authors—the strong reaction from an almost blind enthusiasm—but he is suffering from it now for the first time, suffering very much later than is the rule with reputations. And, as is again always the case with every great reputation, the charges now brought against him are, many of them, true. He will never be accepted so blindly again and, when the reaction is past, will

emerge in all probability as a great writer for reasons quite different from the old ones.

Are there any reasons? Are we, who believe in his greatness, only blinded by our upbringing, our childhood, our love for the things of our childhood? Is he, for instance, so hopelessly old-fashioned in his philosophy of life that no future generation will be able to see any truth in his presentation of it? Is his colour fustian, his apparatus Wardour Street, his characters pinchbeck, his technique childish? Are these novels in fact gone for ever, as the novels of G. P. R. James, Bulwer Lytton and Ainsworth are gone? Is there nothing permanent in the taste and texture of his work?

The first answer to these questions must lie in this: do we believe that the current view of life, held by the more intelligent of the younger generation in England and America, is permanent? Does it include a philosophy and a creed that will satisfy all future civilization? Of course not. No philosophy, no creed has ever done so.

We may be sure—indeed there are already signs of its approach—that a positive spiritual force will re-enter into men's lives as it has always done in the past, but re-stated to meet the minds and culture of the contemporary world. Even then it will be found that, in Scott's case, he was the last champion of a vanished civilization rather than the herald of a new one, and I do not think that it is as philosopher or deep and original thinker that he will recapture his position.

Nor will he return as a supreme artist. That he never was nor thought himself to be. Here we encounter a problem that is for ever cropping up when the novelist is considered as artist. The novel, more than any other of the writing arts, depends, I think, upon its creative zest. This zest may appear as with Jane Austen in the creation of character. One Mr. Collins, one Elizabeth Bennett is enough for immortality. Or in the gift for narrative as in Alexander Dumas, whose characters move so quickly that we often learn little more than their

names. Or in the creation of general life as with James Joyce, whose Dublin becomes in "Ulysses" a living, breathing poem symbolic of the disordered tumultuous world in which Joyce has been living. If the creative zest is there the novelist may, in all other respects, be no artist at all. It is a positive danger to the novel when its art becomes too sophisticated, too self-conscious, as we are discovering in the work of many of the clever novelists of to-day. I do not mean, of course, that the novelist is not the better, so long as he does not lose his creative zest, is not the better and the greater for all the arts that the gods may give him, but I believe that all the greatest novelists of the world—Balzac, Dickens, Dostoieffsky, Hardy, Fielding—have been often bad artists (I am speaking of technique, prose, all kinds of discipline) and have been frequently at their finest when their creative zest has been so strong that they have been carried away beyond all possibility of self-consciousness.

It is true that Scott was, again and again, no artist at all. He had not a snobbish contempt for his profession, but he refused altogether to take it with proper seriousness. Life was always to him more than books, although he loved books well. He wrote "Guy Mannering" as a kind of holiday game in the course of six weeks. Part of his impulse to be anonymous was that he thought that there were so many more things more important than novel-writing—planting trees, for instance, or buying a piece of land, or arranging an Edinburgh Pageant for the worthless and dissolute George IV.

He permitted his publisher—Ballantyne—again and again to alter the schemes and details of his novels, and once, in the case of "St. Ronan's Well," permitted the book to be entirely ruined to suit the prudish notions of that curious character. The result is inevitable. There are many passages of dull pedestrianism, many inaccuracies, many huddled conclusions. He was also determined to keep the darker and deeper passions out of his novels. It was not that he had not experienced them!

There is nothing in Lockhart and the "Journal" more interesting than the glimpses that we are given again and again of another, far subtler, far more introspective Scott—a Scott who knew what all the dark passages of the human heart might mean! What books "St. Ronan's Well," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Antiquary" might have been! Not that I for one would have them other than they are—but there *was* another Scott who could, had he thought it proper, have drawn a Valerie Marneffe, an Emma Bovary, a Tess, in his own way and of his own time.

But when these things have been said—and these are the lacks that keep him away from many readers to-day—it remains a positive and undeniable truth that he was that one thing which, above all else, a novelist ought to be—a supreme creator of human character. The time has come when his claims as an *historical* novelist may very largely be disregarded. Make them if you please and there is a wealth of scene and character to support you. But it is not as the author of "The Abbot," "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "Quentin Durward" that future generations will read him. Had he written these books alone you might build up for him anew a very great reputation—where, in that genre, will you find grander things than the scene between Elizabeth and Amy Robsart in "Kenilworth," Mary's escape from Lochleven in "The Abbot," the raising of the standard in "The Talisman," the whole conception of Louis in "Quentin Durward"? Nevertheless these are invented, imagined, at second hand. It is by the first hand unquestioned creations of character that novelists finally survive—the Vicar of Goldsmith, the Prince Andrew of Tolstoi, the Alyosha of Dostoieffsky, the Marty South of Hardy, the Mrs. Gamp of Dickens. And it is on this ground, oddly enough, that Scott is so secure. I say oddly because it is apparently the last thing that his detractors suspect of him. They attack him for his false history, his picturesqueness,

his stiff heroes and heroines—and meanwhile, standing at their side are Effie Deans, Edie Ochiltree, Dandie Dinmont, Nanty Ewart, Bailie Nichol Jarvie, Meg Dods, Meg Merrilies, Dugald Dalgetty, and many, many more. It will be noticed that these characters that I have named are all of them Scottish characters, and all of them very simple persons, peasants and pedlars, gypsies and vagabonds, and country farmers. Had Scott, in fact, written only "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Guy Mannering," "Redgauntlet" and "Old Mortality" he would not, I think, have suffered any diminution of fame, but would be read to-day rather as a brother, more lusty and open-air and enterprising, of Jane Austen.

I am not, in this, despising or discounting the colour and vigour and *élan* of all the other novels. Take six of the historical novels and imagine for a moment that he had written those alone—"Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "Quentin Durward," "The Abbot," "The Fair Maid of Perth"—and what a marvellous splendour of creation is here! But I emphasize the Scottish novels of character because it is upon them that his permanent reputation must rest. I would recommend to an admirer of Proust, Joyce, and D. H. Lawrence that, with a reluctant patience and an honest determination to reconsider the whole question, as though Scott had but now been discovered, he (or possibly she) should attempt "Guy Mannering" or "Redgauntlet" or "The Heart of Midlothian" once again. If, in such a case, an encounter with Dinmont, with Nanty Ewart, with Jeanie Deans, does not lead to a fresh and astonished estimate I shall be surprised.

Scott's genius, in fact, was for his own country and for the people of it. If a novelist, eschewing greater ambitions, can reveal, honestly and with real feeling, something of the spirit of a country that he loves, he has gone far towards a small fragment of immortality. If, in addition to this, he can create a man and woman

or two who, belonging to that soil, are true also to a wider humanity, he is a writer whom the world will never let go. This Scott supremely did.

I have left myself little room to speak of Scott's astonishing zest. His dull passages seem even to heighten it. You can feel him gathering breath, can see the smile curl about his lips as he knows himself about to be carried away. He gives you in his grandest passages—in scenes like the journey of Jeanie Deans to London, the curse of Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering," the mysterious visit to Fairladies in "Redgauntlet," the death of the spy in "Rob Roy"—a kind of ecstasy of creation so that you feel that you, too, were partaker in it, and that the breath of creation is everywhere about you, making Time timeless and no part of the world foreign to you.

Concerning the man himself the same things have been said over and over again. At last, in this Centenary year, a worthy life of him has appeared, the first since Lockhart's John Buchan's fine and temperate study. Lockhart's Life and the "Journal" have brought him closer to us than most men of the past. His dramatic story, the sickly childhood, the disappointment in love, the sudden success, the splendour and gaiety of the brilliant years, the crashing catastrophes of 1826 when he lost money, possessions, wife, health, all at the same moment, the heroic struggle of the later years, all these are well enough known. He was a man essentially simple, who kept his deeper feelings to himself, knew no smallness nor meanness (he was extraordinarily free from the jealousies and rivalries that beset so many literary men), was the best companion in the world, loved simple things and simple people and was of a quite heroic courage. That in matters of business he was almost criminally careless is beyond dispute. The sudden and unexampled success of those books by which he himself put so little store led him to fancy that the golden stream must continue to pour until he had reached a secure old age. And so it

undoubtedly would have done had he not lived in a time of transition and financial disorder singularly like our own. He made the mistake of becoming his own publisher; he trusted where he should not have trusted; he paid money the unusual compliment of refusing to take it seriously. But this charge of carelessness is the only one that, after a hundred years' strict investigation, can be brought against him. On the other hand, had there not been the crash there would not have been the after-heroism.

He wrote this in his " Journal " :

" I am perhaps setting—like a day that has been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amidst mist and storms. I neither regret nor fear the approach of death if it is coming. I would compound for a little pain instead of this heartless muddiness of mind."

And there are those now so-familiar words at the end :

" Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Can China be Westernized ?

By J. O. P. Bland

" Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old. She will never attend Sunday school, or learn to vote, save with swords for tickets."—*Kipling*.

EVER since China was compelled, by force of arms, to accept the terms of the " unequal " Treaty of Tientsin, in 1858, the policies of the Western Powers towards her have one and all been based upon the assumption that her rulers were henceforth committed, and disposed, to westernize her administrative methods, political institutions and social system; also that the process of westernization might be expected to make rapid progress and that its complete fulfilment must be of indisputable advantage to all concerned. Ten years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Tientsin, this assumption derived new force and world-wide acceptance from the special Mission conducted to America and Europe by Mr. Anson Burlingame, as Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary on behalf of the Chinese Government. Mr. Burlingame, who had relinquished the post of American Minister at Peking to undertake this Mission, was an active politician and a practised orator; his eloquent descriptions of the New China, hungry and thirsty for western knowledge, aroused the keenest enthusiasm all over the United States. At banquets and public meetings, from San Francisco to New York, he proclaimed that the day had come when the Chinese people was eager to extend its arms towards " the shining banners of western civilization "; that China was prepared to invite the missionaries to " plant the shining cross on every hill and in every valley," and that she had quite definitely entered upon the path of reform and progress. The terms of the Treaty which he subsequently signed at Washington, on behalf of China, clearly reflected the impression which had been made on public opinion by these oratorical efforts and the fact that the American nation, firmly convinced of China's determination to

reorganize her institutions on western lines, was disposed to give her all possible help and encouragement in so doing. The seeds of the Washington Conference, which came to fruition in its policies of benevolent non-interference, were sown broadcast by Anson Burlingame in 1868.

The man who initiated the idea of the Burlingame Mission and persuaded the Chinese Government to adopt it, was Robert Hart, the great "I. G.," ever a loyal friend and prudent counsellor to China. His object, in which he fully succeeded, was by means of this Embassy to convince the outside world of China's good intentions, in order that, relieved of coercion, she might be accorded fair treatment and time to adapt herself to the new order of things. From Dr. Morses's admirable history of this period, we know that Hart was a believer in the westernization of China, up to a point and in certain directions; the measures of reform which he continually urged upon the Chinese Government he regarded as "essential to friendly intercourse and their own safety . . ." he earnestly endeavoured to convince them that their only salvation lay in forward movement.

But the man who succeeded Anson Burlingame as American Minister at Peking, Mr. J. Ross Browne, was, curiously enough, a realist in politics, who did his best to expose the fallacies underlying the sentimental idealism of his predecessor and to warn his countrymen of the danger of founding a national policy upon them. In his reply to an address presented to him by the American and English merchants of Shanghai in July, 1869, Mr. Ross Browne severely criticized the prevailing assumption of China's willingness to adopt western ideas, in words which have lost none of their cogency and common sense since they were spoken.*

*As a prophetic utterance, Mr. Ross Browne's speech will repay careful study. It is reproduced as an appendix to the second volume of Mr. H. B. Morses's standard work on the "International Relations of the Chinese Empire."

"Hart's advice," he observed, "was wholesome and it seemed for a time to be appreciated. But the astute mandarins had no idea of advancing. They were chiefly concerned to know how they could prevent innovations upon their established system and at the same time avoid the troubles that threatened them . . . China neither sees her way clear at present to an acceptance of the ameliorations proposed, nor has she, so far as facts warrant us in believing, the slightest desire to substitute foreign systems for those which have answered her purposes through so many generations. All that the rulers of this Empire desire is to be left free to work out their own destiny in their own way, and that is simply retrogression and final relapse into barbarism. They make small concessions to avert greater ones. The whole struggle is against making any at all. I state this, not in the way of depreciation, but as an incontrovertible fact, which we are bound to confront."

Sixty-three years have passed since these words were uttered and during that time the relations of the Western Powers with China, whether friendly or hostile, hopeful or pessimistic, have continually been based on the assumption that the necessity for westernization was recognized in principle by the educated class, the rulers of China, and was in itself a process capable of achievement. Nevertheless, during all these years there has been unmistakable evidence, for those who sought it, that the professed acceptance of western ideas by China's ruling class has never been inspired by any genuine conviction, or manifested in any definitely constructive purpose, but that it has invariably been due to motives of political expediency. To-day, thanks in great measure to the Kuomintang's skilful propaganda, to the influence of the missionary societies, and to the "F.O. school of thought," China's determination and capacity to remodel her national life upon western lines has become an almost incontestable axiom of international politics. For it is evident that all the policies subscribed to by the Powers at Washington in 1922, all the activities of the great missionary and educational organizations since the beginning of the century, are baseless and of no effect, except upon the assumption that China's rulers are really sincere in their avowed intention to reform their judicial

system to conform to the principles and practice of western nations; in other words, that they are ready and willing to substitute the western idea of government by law for the Oriental idea of government by human volition. If there had ever been the slightest evidence of a sincere intention of this kind, of any genuine recognition of the necessity for applying those educational processes by which the Chinese race-mind might gradually be modified to acceptance of the western conception of justice and the institutions based upon it, it might be possible, on grounds of faith and hope, to justify this basic assumption, even though we know that the modification of any firmly-rooted structural type is not the work of decades, but of centuries. But there has been no such evidence of sincerity, whilst the evidence of insincerity is overwhelming.

The political idealists at Geneva and elsewhere, who to-day profess their belief in the capacity of China's westernized intelligentsia to achieve the evolutionary miracle of "passing at one stride from despotism by divine right to full-blown democracy," take both their sincerity of purpose and their power of achievement for granted. Since Anson Burlingame's day there has probably never been a more widespread acceptance of the vision of "the shining banners of western civilization" being welcomed by the rulers of China. One has only to study the mass of recent literature dealing with the Far East to perceive how greatly preponderant is the weight of sentimental idealism in intellectual and political circles on both sides of the Atlantic, and how powerful (one might almost say hypnotic) has been the influence of China's intelligentsia, as political propagandists, upon cultured western minds, especially those of professors and "Liberal thinking" politicians. The great majority of the works published since the Washington Conference continually endeavour to interpret the East, as depicted by Young China, in terms of the West, and, in so doing, they invariably attribute to the Chinese people purposes

and qualities that are wholly foreign to the deep-rooted instincts and traditions of the race. All subscribe to the orthodox belief that the impending and inevitable westernization of China will eventually provide a sovereign remedy, the only remedy, for all the ills which afflict her people. They are therefore naturally disposed to give every encouragement to the westernized intellectuals who claim to govern the country and to support them in their political aspirations, no matter how extravagant.

Yet once again, as in Burlingame's day, an American Daniel has come to judgment. With the undeniable authority of a thoroughly qualified observer, Mr. Owen Lattimore challenges the validity of this almost universally accepted assumption, and declares the truth of the matter, in a work which deserves the attention of every student of Far Eastern affairs. Comparing the westernization of China with that of Japan, in his chapter on "The Living Force of Chinese Culture,"* he observes that China of old never felt any interest in western civilization, such curiosity as her rulers occasionally displayed being merely that of fashionable diversion. The interest which was awakened by the unpleasant discovery that China was vulnerable to western methods of attack, was primarily defensive and has remained essentially defensive ever since. The mandarinate, humiliated and perplexed by new forces, for which its experience provided no remedy, resorted to "western learning" in the same spirit as that in which it had adopted foreign military training and other western inventions, that is to say, in the hope of discovering the secret of western power, of finding the magic formula which contains the "secret" of that power, but which, when applied, *will not entail the price of westernization.*

Says Mr. Lattimore:

"While the power of many western inventions

* From "Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict," by Owen Lattimore. By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

has been recognized and the profit to be realized from many western methods, no single quality of the West, no subjective conviction, has truly appealed to the Chinese. The western style, for the Chinese, reveals no new dispensation, nor any opening up of first and desirable, or morally superior, worlds of inspiring possibilities. There is nothing in it that, from the standard of Chinese spiritual values, it would be disgraceful to have to go without.

"While Japan manœuvred for time to adopt western characteristics and catch up with the West, the whole history of Chinese relations with the West implies an underlying instinctive playing for time, in the hope that the West would exhaust itself and China be able to assert once more the superiority of which the Chinese are morally convinced. The normal type of the Chinese 'employment of western methods to defeat the West' has consistently been, not the adoption of western methods in order to attain western standards, but the interposition of western methods between China and the West, in order to stave off the West; and this type of manœuvre can only be explained, viewing the conflict from the standpoint of China, by postulating as ideal some such eventual solution as the sloughing off of the West, and the survival of the Chinese tradition in its full integrity."

Finally, it is his considered opinion—an opinion fully justified by study of the writings and utterances of most modern Chinese writers—that intellectual circles all over China are as much concerned with the possibilities of decay and collapse in the civilization of the West, as they are with suitability of western standards for adoption in China.

"The very circles which are most progressive in clearing away
" medievalism, in improving administration and westernizing economic
" affairs, are fitted with a strong and conscious pride in the Chinese

" point of view, the Chinese way of life, and the superiority of the " basic values of Chinese civilization over those of the West."

Those who have studied the course of China's foreign relations, from the time of the first European Embassies to the Court of Peking, down to the present day, must admit the validity of these conclusions. They are confirmed, at every stage and period, by the policy of the country's rulers and by the unmistakable reservations of moral superiority implied, even in crises of humiliation and defeat, in the attitude of its most " progressive " Viceroys, envoys and scholars; as witness the writings of statesmen such as Li Hung-chang, Chang Chih-tung, Wu Ting-fang, and Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, of the pre-revolutionary period, as well as those of Sun Yat-sen, Wang Ching-wei, Hu Shih and other publicists who have achieved distinction under the Republic.

If, as all the history of the past fifty years and the actual condition of affairs would appear to indicate, Mr. Lattimore's judgment is well-founded, it must follow that the ideas now generally accepted concerning the westernization of China will eventually be proved fallacious and that the policies which have been persistently based upon them are, therefore, policies of delusion, foredoomed to futility. There is certainly nothing in the present situation in China, or in the " dominant morality " of her rulers, which calls for any modification of Mr. Ross Browne's assertion that " China has not the " slightest desire to substitute foreign systems for those " which have answered her purposes through so many " generations."

Toryism and Property

By the Earl of Iddesleigh

MANY attempts have been made of recent years to distil the fine essence of Tory philosophy. In these efforts, stimulating though they may be, the essentially religious nature of Toryism has been neglected. The connection between the Tory party and an established Christian Church is no accident; rather is it a sign that Toryism is the continuation of the traditional Christian theory of the State.

Even at the time when the "contractual" theory seemed to carry all before it, Tories persisted in ascribing a divine origin to the State, and in viewing politics "*sub specie æternitatis.*" Tories were sometimes accused by their enemies of being mere absolutists—the opponents of liberty, the lackeys of the Court. Had this been true they would certainly have adopted the doctrines of Hobbes, so attractive to absolutists, and so much more logical than the Whiggish doctrines of Locke. But Toryism has never identified itself with one form of government or another—Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," Burke's defence of the unreformed Parliament, Churchill's Tory Democracy are all forms of the essential Tory spirit. Nor will the Tory identify himself with Fascism, however attractive that philosophy appears to-day.

The Tory is not concerned with the form of government, but with its origin. The Tory believes that the State was created by God (Who implanted social instincts in man); and holds that the State is limited by its religious purpose, which is to enable man to fulfil his duty to God. The State is absolute only in its own sphere, but its sphere is not to be limited by human action, by a constitution or a Parliament, but by its essential nature. The Tory opposes "King and Parliament" with "Church and King"; the Church is a real check on the State's action out of the State's own sphere. The Church does not rule, nor should she interfere with

rulers, but she may *warn*, and she must define the limits of State action. The State must preserve itself from ecclesiastical interference in its own sphere, but, being of divine origin, must acknowledge God by establishing the State religion which it believes to be true. An establishment is not made for the sake of the Church, but for the proper functioning of the State.

Since the State, ruling men's bodies, exists for a limited purpose it must both act vigorously and courageously within the limits of that purpose—hence the Tory love of strong government—and avoid trespassing into other fields of activity alien to its purpose. For the latter reason the Tory dislikes the expansion of State activity into the business of the individual—by vexatious interference with social habits and customs—and the family—as by State insurance and "welfare" schemes.

But in this very evil age the State is forced to assume duties not normally relevant to its purposes. To-day men are not guided by the Church; and rapacity and fraud go unchecked by the force of the public conscience. Hence the State, being strong and owing a duty to other divine institutions, the family and the State, has to protect them against such *undivine* institutions as Trusts, combines and monopolies, especially those monopolies that control thought. It is regrettable, but perhaps inevitable, that the State, in exercising this protection, should interfere with the liberty of those whom it protects. The problem of Toryism to-day is to devise a means of protecting individual and family rights—for example, against slum landlords and sweating employers—without infringing the liberty of the protected, or even of the aggressors themselves.

The problem can only be solved by drawing a sharp distinction between *protective* work and *ameliorative* work. The former, even when it interferes with the proper liberty of the family and the individual, is necessary at certain periods such as the present; the

latter is entirely outside the sphere of the State, tends to produce an enslaved populace, and must be rigorously eschewed. The work of the State must be purely negative outside its own sphere of action. The Tory would prevent the citizens from buying impure milk, but would not presume to supply them with pure milk. The Liberal of to-day constantly interferes with individual rights in the conduct of agriculture and industry through Committees, Boards, Commissions and Ministries; the Tory, having made negative restrictions, leaves the individual to exercise his rights in security.

The attitude of Tories towards property—I say the philosophical and representative attitude, for the doctrine of a party is not to be judged by the corruption of some of its members—has been misunderstood. Property, Christianity tells us, is not an absolute human right; certain men are called upon by Christ to renounce all property. But the "Christian Socialist" conception of Our Lord finds no warrant in Scripture—to all He preached spiritual detachment from wealth, but only to the few did He preach its complete renunciation. Property, while permissible, is not sacrosanct; Toryism has never recognized an *absolute* right to property, however acquired and however used. Indeed, so strong is the Tory sense of duty that Tories, even of the landowning class, are generally ready to confiscate land that is used detrimentally to the public welfare, though from this step they shrink unless it is proved to be absolutely necessary. The Tory record in regard to land, both in England and in Ireland, is a generous one.

The Tory, however, is by nature averse to confiscatory methods, for he realizes the extent to which property is the true basis of the State. The State-worshipping Liberal or Socialist is always ready to use the powers of the State over property; the Tory knows that the State cannot disregard the conditions of its own welfare. Were the State omnipotent, as the Progressives seem to believe, it could afford to confiscate

property whenever immediate interests seemed to require that course of action; for in this case *ad hoc* legislation would not affect general security. But the State is not omnipotent, as the Tory well knows, and any confiscatory legislation, however limited, weakens the fundamental human institution of property. Now most people will agree that the security of the State is weakened when individual security of property is weakened. The confiscatory action of the State should be avoided in the State's own interest, and this is the Tory practice.

How clearly this attitude contrasts with the attitude of Whigs, Liberals and Socialists! In the 18th and 19th centuries the Progressives, taking their doctrine from Rousseau, recognized the "rights of property" in their most extreme form. Throughout the Industrial Revolution the doctrine, in conjunction with the economic theory of *laissez-faire,* was pushed to a point at which it justified all the horrors of child-sweating. The Tories who passed the first Factory Acts were accused of interference with a man's "sacred" right to do what he will with his own no less than with "the laws of economics." But behind this parade of "rights of property" was no substantial ethical principle, no clear philosophy. The children of the Whigs have turned a somersault, and the Tory, standing where he always did, has to defend the true doctrine of the institution of property from those to whom confiscation is the universal remedy.

How regrettable it is that the Tories of to-day do not recognize the authority of their own principles. Toryism has become a plaything of "established interests"; its name is taken in vain by exploiters and mere obstructionists. There are still true Tories, and these have an innate dislike of "progressive" thought, but for the most part they are incapable of an intellectual defence of their own politics. Hence the nonsense which is talked about Protection by those who do not seek to relate

it, as certain aspects of Protection *can* be related, to essential Toryism.

For some years I was an avowed Socialist. I never heard from any Tory a convincing reason against Socialism. I was told that Socialism was too "doctrinaire" to be practical, as if Toryism was not itself a doctrine, and a very cogent one. I was told that Socialism did not work (but it does work, even in Russia). I was told State-owned railways were less efficient than privately-owned railways; one wonders whether this hoary untruth still survives. Toryism has become entangled with Imperialism (with which it has no logical connection), with the defence of the existing order of Society, which is certainly not such as a Tory should approve, and with unlimited industrial capitalism, which is contrary to Tory principles. Tories have forgotten the sacred origin of their creed; they have no answer to the "Christian" Socialist or the humanitarian Radical; they are manœuvred by bright young "National Planning" Unionists who sway the Tory party without the least sympathy with its ideals. Tories, in this sorry swamp, would do well to remember the main river of Christian philosophy, in whose delta Toryism has been not the smallest stream.

Proust and the Modern Dilemma

By Herbert Agar

PROUST has become unfashionable, and all the wrong people have stopped praising him for all the wrong reasons. It is therefore a good time to consider him for what he was, for one of the most successful of the artists and thinkers who have tried to find significance in modern life. This aspect of Proust has been ignored by the people who wish to believe, in spite of appearances, that the modern world is creating a new and healthy civilization, and who have been comforting themselves with the thought that the philosophy or religion which will incorporate the blessings of modernity is not yet born. It is soothing to expect that at any moment a " new synthesis " will be created which will solve all the problems of our day; it is less soothing to study the attempts that have already been made to create this synthesis, and to recognize what they appear to prove, namely, that although the modern temper can produce great spirits there is no reason to believe it can produce, or even preserve, a great civilization.

The ideas that underlie Proust's attempt to find a meaning for life have been elaborated, in pure philosophy, by such thinkers as Signor Croce in Italy and Mr. Warner Fite in the United States; but the most fruitful place to study these ideas is in the work of Proust. " A la Recherche du Temps Perdu " is a complete modern æsthetic and moral philosophy, including both theory and illustration. The background for this philosophy, the problem that it attempts to solve, can be roughly indicated as follows. In the past, man has known three ways of apprehending life: art, science, and theology (or metaphysics); and he has vaguely recognized that there was a form of truth appropriate to each of these forms of consciousness. The artistic approach to life may be described as intuitional. Intuition is life known as

inner experience, life as the immediate awareness of such experience. The expression of an intuition may be called "true" if it satisfies the imagination, if it is a successful rendering of experience as subjective fact. There is no standard of comparison, and no utilitarian test, that can be applied to intuition; it stands or falls by virtue of its own intensity and inner conviction. When Shelley wrote:

> And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
> Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
> Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind,

he scarcely used a phrase that is not demonstrably "untrue" from the scientific standpoint. And yet the lines are a convincing picture of the event as it was experienced by Shelley. However, if the same event were described by a meteorologist, the result would illustrate the second form of consciousness, the scientific or conceptual form. Conceptual thought presents life no longer as inner experience, but as something observed impersonally, as something classified and described for utilitarian ends. The standard of "truth," in this case, is utility. Conceptual or scientific thought is said to be "true" when it produces desirable results, such as increased control over natural forces in the present, or increased power to predict their workings in the future . . . The third form of consciousness, the third way of apprehending life, admits none of the limitations of the first two ways. Whereas the standard of intuitional truth is subjective, and the standard of conceptual truth is utilitarian, the standard of theological or metaphysical truth is absolute. Man, in the past, has always believed that either by divine aid or else by his own higher reason (which may be described as a co-operation of the faculties that I have arbitrarily separated in order to suggest the contrast between art and science) he had the power of attaining to at least a partial knowledge of the absolute, to a true although limited awareness of the nature and purposes of God and the universe. Believing this, he

naturally believed that even the earth-bound truths of art and science contained suggestions of the absolute truth which they could not directly reveal. Therefore, faith in the reality of theological or metaphysical truth gave dignity and importance to every product of man's consciousness. The modern temper, however, denies the possibility of knowledge of the absolute. This denial not only eliminates metaphysics and theology from the realm of serious pursuits, but it leaves the two other forms of consciousness (art and science) stranded in pure subjectivity, unable even to give suggestions of objective, absolute truth.

In the late nineteenth century, when the modern temper first began to make itself felt, its full implications were seldom realized. The pre-moderns of those days, as they abandoned faith in the absolute of theology and metaphysics, substituted faith in an absolute which they thought to attain by means of science. It is only quite recently that it has been generally admitted that science, being an empirical form of thought, can produce nothing that will lend meaning or significance to life . . . Modern thought, therefore, is turning from the scientific philosophies that were recently its characteristic product. But if theology is abandoned, and if science's pretensions to take the place of theology are discredited, what is left? Only the attempt to construct a universe and a moral philosophy out of simple introspection. The spirit has nothing but its own self-consciousness with which to build whatever frail shield it holds between itself and nihilism. Where else, save in his own thoughts, may man seek for strength or for enlightenment, when he lives in a world bereft of God and of the absolute and of all objective sources of value?

Mr. Warner Fite writes: "*Morality is the self-conscious living of life* . . . To be moral is to be thoughtful; to be conscious; which to me means to be self-conscious; to live one's life, if possible, in the clear consciousness of living." And again: "All moral

distinctions are distinctions in the degree of self consciousness. In like fashion is the distinction of truth and error a distinction of self-consciousness . . . And just as there is no standard of morality, so is there no standard of truth. The final question about a want is: Do I still want it after knowing what it is I want? And the final question about a meaning is: Do I still mean it after knowing what I mean?" Stated thus boldly, such conclusions are startling, and yet they are proper conclusions from the premises on which most people now base their lives. Proust was the first artist to fully explore the implications of this modern creed, and by combining it with his Ruskinian faith that art and morals are inseparable he arrived at the system of thought which his huge novel expresses. *A la recherche du temps perdu* is the record of Proust's attempt to create meaning in the face of modern nihilism, to rebuild his own heaven and refurbish his own values while admitting all the time that his construction might bear no relation to anything outside his mind. This is the lonely task of every active spirit that has been captured by the modern temper and that has outgrown the naïve faith in science.

If truth and morality (and hence, for Proust, beauty) are determined by the degree of self-consciousness with which life is lived, then the task is to enrich each present moment by experiencing it with the maximum of associations, of meaning and emotion, derivable from the past. As soon as all supernatural values are eliminated, the importance of the *temps perdu* becomes clear. For the chief remaining distinction between the life of an animal and that of a great artist is in the range and intensity of consciousness; and consciousness can be deepened only by drawing upon the store-house of memory. The moment's consciousness is a mere focal point, intense or dull, depending on how much is focussed upon it. A life consisting of successive present moments, each experienced in isolation, is life as it may present itself to an animal. But life as apprehended by an active spirit contains far

more of the past than of the physical present. To whatever extent the present, as it appears and vanishes, is enriched by association with all that can be brought to bear upon it from the past, to that same extent life gains depth and significance. Proust wrote: "At whatever moment we consider it, our spirit has only an almost fictitious value, in spite of the many entries on the balance sheet of its riches, for either one group of these or another is always unnegotiable." And the implications of all his thought are suggested by the following sentence: "Flowers that are shown me to-day for the first time do not seem to me to be real flowers." In other words, there is no reality—no richness and no imaginative truth—to an experience that does not evoke associations from the past. Life is thin and meaningless except in so far as it is a successful *recherche du temps perdu*. For Proust, therefore, the moral problem is this: how much of the almost fictitious value of our spirits shall we be able to make real? Shall we be content to leave our memory unexplored, our past a *temps perdu*, a store-house wherein our riches lie neglected? Or shall we attempt to realize our full stature in time, and so live to the limit of our power? The recovery of the *temps perdu* is thus really the discovery of the present with its full personal significance. In other words, if the past is a *temps retrouvé*, then the present is truly alive. This is what Proust meant when he said that the *temps retrouvé* is reality, inner reality, the reality of art. And so, if this search for inner reality is the moral problem, it is clearly the æsthetic problem as well. For along his highly individual path, and quite uninfluenced by Signor Croce, Proust evolved the Crocean theory of æsthetic. Beauty, according to Proust, accompanies the clear realization of this subjective reality, of life as inner experience in contrast to life as external observation. Beauty accompanies the successful effort to experience each moment with richness derived from expanded consciousness and intensity derived in part at least from emotions evoked

out of the unconscious. The sentence about "flowers that are shown me to-day for the first time," means quite simply that "reality" is a function of this expanded consciousness. "The universe," writes Proust, "is true for all of us, and different for each one of us . . . It is not one universe that awakens every morning, but millions of universes—almost as many as there are eyes and human brains." And one of his favourite remarks is that the world was not created once only, but as many times as an original mind has been born. All this, of course, is pure Crocean æsthetics—only for Proust æsthetics and moral philosophy (and hence the problem of reality) are indistinguishable.

Such is Proust's theory, and unlike most philosophers he gives a picture of his theory in practice. His novel is the story of a man who is trying to write a novel and who cannot begin until his past has become a *temps retrouvé*, until he has grasped this inner reality, this source of all significance. In the course of his *recherche*, he finds that it is only involuntary memories that are of real assistance. "My work," Proust said, "is dominated by the distinction between involuntary and voluntary memory. In my opinion, voluntary memory (which is above all a memory of the mind and of the eyes) gives us nothing but the unreal external appearance of the past." In other words, the moment's consciousness cannot be enhanced by a cold deliberate recollection of the past, but only by those involuntary associations, stirred by what appears to be a happy accident, which recall past experiences with their old emotional significance. When such an association occurs, it must be seized and followed out at whatever cost in pain and effort, for only so can the spirit live in the present and the past contemporaneously, thus occupying its full position in time.

It is interesting to contrast the modern with the Victorian temper by noticing how the wheel has come full circle since the days of Proust's much-admired Ruskin. When Ruskin said that art and morals were one, he

meant that the subject-matter was of primary importance in art, and that a supreme work of art would exhibit the moral virtues both directly and indirectly. And as for the nature of the moral virtues—for Ruskin that was a matter of fact, of transcendental and unshakable knowledge. But to the modern temper the words transcendental and unshakable sound a little funny, and when Proust asserts that art and morals are inseparable he is not applying moral standards to the field of art, but artistic standards to the field of morals. Beauty, says Signor Croce, is the successful expression of the intuition, quite irrespective of what the intuition is about. To be moral, says Mr. Warner Fite, is to be self-conscious, quite irrespective of what you may self-consciously choose to do. And Proust, who had never read either of these philosophers, agreed with them completely, because he, too, had discovered that for the modern spirit there is no salvation except introspection, reflection, and self-awareness.

This discovery came to Proust like a religious conversion, and from being a clever, worldly amateur of letters he became almost a hermit, devoting the remainder of his life to the impassioned *recherche du temps perdu*. His book is the record of that search, a monument to the spirit's effort to find a way of breaking clear from the intolerable bondage of mechanical pseudo-scientific materialism. Having abandoned all forms of transcendentalism, and exposed the insufficiency of science, there was only one road left for the modern spirit. Proust was the first great artist to follow that road to the end, and although he found his own salvation he found nothing that could save society. There is no gospel for the world at large in this life-long effort to obtain the maximum of introspective consciousness. It offers no support in weakness, and no clear guide in perplexity; and it exacts a concentration of energy and purpose that most people can make only in the name of some great objective truth. For there can be few harder struggles than this

Socratic effort to lead an examined life, especially for the modern disillusioned mind which knows that the significance it is winning so painfully is self-created, and that therefore it may bear no relation to the true meaning of the universe.

> Proust, à quels raouts allez-vous donc le soir,
> Pour en revenir avec des yeux si las et si lucides?

This tired clarity that M. Paul Morand found in Proust's eyes characterizes the modern spirit at its finest. Lucidity will come with true self-knowledge; but there can be no rest for those who have lost faith in every explanation of life but who refuse to lose faith in life itself, who insist on seeking at each moment for the significance and beauty that they believe to be implicit in all experience, and whose unhappy philosophy leaves them no place to seek save in their own hearts. "All that we can say," wrote Proust in one of his few passages of conventional moralizing, "is that everything happens in this life as if we entered it with a burden of obligations contracted in a previous existence." It is the "as if" that marks these sentences for a product of the modern temper. The "as if" protects the sentences from becoming a statement of faith, and turns them into mere musings on the strange irrational impulses that are found in the human consciousness. Such musings may be the basis of a good life for a man with broad culture and a creative mind, but nothing could be built on them that could benefit the world at large. It is this we should learn from Proust: that the life of introspection appears to offer no solution for the moral problem facing our society. Since losing faith in supernatural values we have sought a meaning for life both in natural science and in a subtle refinement of the Greek doctrine, Know Thyself. Both searches have failed. Our present task is to find some objective basis for values; otherwise our civilization will die.

A Romance of Two Worlds

By Graham Munro

FIVE minutes to eleven. A dozen students are attending Abbé Le Gonidec's course in Celestial Mechanics. But this is no day for elaborate equations: the deliciousness of Parisian May is pervading the morose *Institut Catholique*. Across the window, twigs of a chestnut tree sway beckoningly in the breeze. For all its gentle incisiveness, the Abbé's voice barely reaches dream-stuffed ears. His own Celtic soul is tempted to soar far beyond mathematical symbols. He is but the ghost of a professor expounding the ghost of a theorem.

Eleven o'clock. Clangour of bells: shrill ones close at hand, in the chapel of the Carmes; the deeper boom of St. Sulpice's, a quarter of a mile away. Not a gesture to reveal impatience: but, magically, languor has taken flight. Abbé Le Gonidec smiles with amused resignation: he has been teaching thirty-five years. "Sufficient unto the day, gentlemen . . ." May is calling unto May.

Aye, May calls unto October too! On the heels of his students, the Abbé is in the old Rue de Vaugirard, which tries bravely to smile under its grime. Even the *sergent de ville* has a hint of a jazzy shuffle as he paces the sidewalk; and the nose of the *marchand de vins* is burgeoning in the balminess of Spring. Only in Paris, only in early May, can you fully enjoy a "brisk stroll": purpose without hurry, leisure without idleness. The Abbé walks with firm, elastic step, but he takes in at a glance every passer-by: the young soldier in dingy horizon-blue; the housewife in white apron, her marketing net bulging with a miraculous haul of victuals; the Senator from the Luxembourg Palace near-by—frock-coated, bewhiskered, statesmanlike. The Abbé has a friendly, grateful look for each familiar little shop. His eyes linger fondly on the dusty, fly-blown, moth-eaten antiques at the corner of the Rue Cassette: even

those venerable and dilapidated survivors of the ancient regime seem to bask happily in the fresh sunshine.

The Abbé is sixty; but only his hair of silken white betokens age. His cassock, his round hat, are far from new. There are barely perceptible fashions in ecclesiastical wear, and they alter with the majestic slowness of geological phenomena; Abbé Le Gonidec is frankly behind the times. From across the street, you might mistake his countrified silhouette and bland countenance for those of Abbé Constantin, the innocuous and inevitable friend of all beginners in French. If you scan more closely the gentle face, its likeness to the conventional type vanishes. You are attracted by the eyes—the pale-blue eyes of the Breton fisherfolk, his people. Those eyes are neither vague nor melancholy; but, even in this dingy Parisian street, they seem to mirror the boundless sea.

The Abbé has reached the gate of the Luxembourg Gardens. Grandmothers, young matrons and *bonnes* are relaxing in the midday sun, against the brick wall of the museum; an Alsacienne, with her enormous black knot, spreading like the wings of a gigantic velvety butterfly. A Bretonne with the coquettish white cap of Bannalec, not so pleasing in his eyes as the plainer headgear of his own Plougastel. The sight of her fills his heart with longing. Barely a fortnight, and Whitsuntide will give him a chance to run home for a few days. For a quarter of a century Paris has been the centre of his activities, and scientific congresses have repeatedly lured him abroad; still there is no home for him but the squat granite house in the large garden at Plougastel, tended by old Jannik and her son. No Roman Jubilee could stir him like the modest Pardon of his little town; no monument could compare in his eyes with the quaintly elaborate Calvary by the side of the church; the three carved crosses rising out of a teeming crowd, two hundred stone characters in stiff dramatic poses, horsemen precariously perched on slender brackets, ten yards up in the air, at the feet of the Crucified.

The gardeners, at work in the elaborate flower beds, remind him of his own pleasaunce in Finistère. Everything grows well in the moist equable atmosphere of Brittany, but not without labour and money. Seaweeds are needed to enrich the soil, and they have to be hauled in and carted at no little expense. His purse, so far, has been slender: Celestial Mechanics do not pay. If only it were true that his book was selling well in America! A sceptical smile: "the Uncle from America" has been for generations a stock character in French comedies—a *Deus ex machina* who saves the family from bankruptcy and provides a dowry for Yvonne. He has not seen anything of those fabled dollars yet. Of course, they would not come amiss. A thimbleful from the American Pactolus would work magic on his two acres. He could carry out plans that the war had interrupted; a look-out on the rising ground at the back, with a splendid view of the Elorn; a new arbour; maybe Guist'hau would let him have the adjoining parcel of land, to extend his orchard. And he could buy the black velvet dress that old Jannik had been sighing for; the love of finery still burns in hearts of seventy.

He has now come to the great basin. The balustraded terrace rises in a semicircle of exquisite and smiling majesty. Under the trees gleam the white statues of French Queens—all so delightfully Louis-Philippe or early Victorian! Above the verdant curtain the dome of the Pantheon rises like an immense balloon. White argosies ply the miniature ocean. The little boats, careening in the fresh breeze, dash back and forth, collide, get entangled, limp to their home port, which, fortunately, is the whole periphery of the pool. If he half-closed his eyes he could see the fleet of fishing smacks sailing out of Douarnenez. Not always such a peaceful scene though; the sea beats fiercely against that western-most rampart of Brittany; and a dent in the coast, near by, is known as *la baie des Trépassés*—the bight of the dead. Wistful young mariners follow the toy clippers

in their course; these frail crafts are laden to the gunwale with yearnings and dreams, for even the Parisian *gamin* is haunted with visions of winter storms and tropical nights.

Just one little turn under the Galleries of the Odéon, where new books are piled up in white and yellow stacks, against a background of sedately bound classics. *Vient de paraître!* Just out! Another little bark launched on the literary sea, heading proudly for the fabulous ports of Wealth and Fame: it will probably be tossed for a while on the capricious waves, and then engulfed for ever.

Strange goddess, Success! So cruelly blind, so oddly generous! Abbé Le Gonidec had laboured honestly for thirty years, and won no glamorous reward. His work had won the respect of his fellow scientists; a little textbook had found some favour; the Government, not without reluctance, had given him a bit of purple ribbon—the Academic Palms bestowed upon all plodding servitors of learning: all this was in the order of things, and he had no cause to complain. But, two years ago, he had charmed the leisure of a long convalescence by putting together, in the simplest language, the folklore of his country-side. It had been a labour of love: he never claimed to be a great Celtic scholar. At least, his little book was free from the dreary erudition, the ambitious pseudo-scientific theories, the spurious poetical glamour, the sentimentality, the secret irony, which, a complex coalition of curses, blight the majority of Celtic studies. Breton folklore meant to him the memories of his own childhood, and the tales that such as old Jannik would tell, in the dialect of Cornouaille. *Twilight Tales of Armor* had received a patronizing notice in *La Revue Celtique*, a few words of faint commendation from the official scholars at Rennes, and that was all. Another little bark creeping home, with empty nets! Then, an American woman had asked for permission to translate it; what an odd notion!

And, a few days ago, he had been told that his book was "taking the United States by storm!" That must be sheer Yankee bluff. America was not totally unknown to him; he had crossed the Ocean, a few years ago, to attend a mathematical convention. Frenchmen were in great favour then; he had been entertained in a fashion that had left him grateful and weary. Americans were good-natured enough; but what use could these smart, sharp, strenuous, practical people have for the dreamy legends of a vanishing race? The Bretons, who, even in France, were a by-word for their indifference to sanitary plumbing!

Query: How much *bizin wenn* fertilizer and what kind of a velvet dress could you buy with an American "literary storm"?

"Sweeping New York off its feet!": the juvenile exaggeration—Mark Twain and Tartarin combined—amuses him, and irritates him a little. That upstart, thriving so insolently across the Atlantic, is no longer a child of his. Blatant success, for one used to hard-working obscurity, is almost a desecration. Already, when he had to translate his legends from homely Cornouaillais into logical, urbane Parisian French, they had lost much of their savour. Now, it seems as though the tremulous tones of old Jannik, his humble collaborator, were coming back to him amplified into a roar. With his consent, the secret treasures of his people's soul, so proud and so shy, have been brought to the vociferous mart of New York. Who knows? They will be filming the story of Gralon and Gwenole, and the City of Is engulfed in the raging sea. . . . "What an ungrateful wretch I am!" thought Abbé Le Gonidec with a smile.

Still, in his old Parisian haunts, his shadowy Transatlantic success seems incredibly remote. He soon forgets all about it in looking over the new volumes: *Il était une fois Napoléon* . . . *La Sorellina*. . . . And, a few minutes later, seated in his usual restaurant, over his Burgundy snails, his escalope and his triangle of

Brie, he feels completely happy and at peace. It is so easy to " accept the Universe," at Milcent's !

Up the rue Soufflot, past the Pantheon, to his funny little apartment in the rue Lhomond. He loves this old-world quarter, forgotten on the eastern slope of Mount St. Genevieve. The streets still bear naïve popular names : street of the Iron Pot, street of the Cross Bow, street of the Wooden Sword, street of the Hermit's Well. At every turn, you find traces of the innumerable convents and colleges which made the Sacred Mount an abode of holiness and learning. The houses are plain enough, decayed, even leprous. But in the centre of the blocks, there are still a few gardens, oases of ancient peace in the fevered city. The Abbé enjoys this aloofness from modern progress. Modern progress ! This scientist of international repute, who has travelled on the fastest liner and been entertained by industrial magnates, is the reverse of a modernist. His costume goes back to the ancient regime ; his philosophy belongs to the middle ages ; his religion ignores the whirl of time. Material progress to him is a toy, a fashion, which he regards with indulgent and ironic sympathy, but which he cannot take very seriously. In his three rooms of the rue Lhomond, he will be in an impregnable citadel of calm.

" A big mail from America, Monsieur l'Abbé," says the concierge.

" Thanks, Madame Gibou."

As soon as he has reached his study, he hastily sorts out the bundle, and, with curious alacrity, picks up a long envelope.

From Walsh, Montgomery and Company, publishers. To Abbé Yves Le Gonidec. For royalties : forty thousand dollars.

Forty thousand dollars ! A million francs ! A million !

" Jannik shall have black silk as well as velvet," was his first thought.

II

So it *is* true, beyond peradventure; here is tangible evidence. No mere bluff and blatant advertising. His book is read, in that strange enormous country, by every one who is yearning for a little spiritual companionship, by all those who are seeking relief from their appalling surfeit of wealth and pleasure. His heart goes out to those two hundred thousand unknown friends who are listening to his voice. A few minutes ago he belonged to the rue Lhomond, heart and soul; can a paltry million make such a difference in the thoughts of a priest, an astronomer, a poet? Oh! It is not the million; he has given no thought to *that* as yet. It is the sudden sense of victory—and victory for the spirit. It is the feeling that he has broken down obstacles, that he has reached the hearts of multitudes. He has been "recognized"; this does not mean for him the elation of pride, but the joy of a lonely man who has found a vast and cordial family. It is all very well to lock yourself within the ivory tower of your Thomistic philosophy and your Celestial Mechanics. But God is no scholastic, no celestial Mechanician; God is life, God is love, and Abbé Le Gonidec has never felt so exultingly alive and loving.

In the glow of this new assurance he lives again the exhausting and intense fortnight of his American tour. And he is smitten with contrition. He has not been generous enough, in his thoughts, towards those people who were to prove themselves so magnificently generous towards him. He has felt, with excessive sharpness, all their foibles, every little touch of brutality, vulgarity, arrogance, conceit. He has winced under the insufferable artificiality of the cultured and the abysmal ignorance of the crude. He has noted that all the leaders of that dry and virtuous country plied him lavishly with wines and liqueurs. But why look at a great experiment with jaundiced eyes? As if France, as if Paris, as if the rue Lhomond and the rue de Vaugirard, as if Plougastel, alone, had the words of eternal life!

"Idealistic" France is remorselessly starving the immemorial soul of Armor: it is from "materialistic" America that a generous response is coming. "Idealism," "Materialism"; as if hoarding pennies were not as materialistic as chasing dollars! What business have the French, a nation of tired and timid bourgeois, to scoff at the energetic pioneers on the other side?

The Abbé comes from a race which roams the seven seas and mans the navy of the French landlubbers. His blue eyes are flashing like a Breton captain's in a storm. His thought is no longer afraid of crossing the Atlantic anew.

"Yes, the French can patch up the old with infinite care—old buildings, old machines, old thoughts, old phrases. But an isolated voice, fresh from the strange places, will be better heard in the din of New York than in the tittle tattle of Paris. 'Idealism,' indeed! Call it crass conservatism. Look at this apartment: I have lived in it for twenty years, and yet I ought to know better. No telephone, no electricity, no hot water. No bath within a mile: just the old tin tub I brought back from England! As for an elevator to reach this fourth floor, the very suggestion would cause the landlord to faint! Antique? No, antiquated."

The American cheque, that magic symbol, has jerked him out of his complacency, roused the dormant adventurous spirit of his seafaring ancestors. He belongs, by right of adoption, to the energetic, successful Western world. He rushes downstairs; the days of sauntering are over. His gait has the tense, purposive drive of a New York commuter's rushing for the 7.24 train. He is making for the Place de la Contrescarpe to catch the auto-bus.

He checks himself in time—absurd! A millionaire, an adopted son of the Western world, in that rumbling, lumbering, ill-smelling contraption! And, with a gesture of brusque command, he hails a taxi.

Miracle of his newly-found energy! To take a taxi was

a rare event in the Abbé's life. Each time, he had felt embarrassed, apologetic, and the driver was correspondingly supercilious or torpid. But the chauffeur has caught the spirit of this imperious call, and responds with suddenness. "Crédit Lyonnais, Boulevard des Italiens!" And the veteran Renault, gears clashing and clanging, every spring a squeak, every bolt a rattle, sounding its horn like dying Roland, dashes furiously over the rough stone pavement.

Crédit Lyonnais: Abbé Le Gonidec used to feel ill at ease in this showy palace of finance—a Second Empire brother of the Louvre, Corinthian columns, caryatides and all. To-day, his steps are unerring, his words are few and sharp. The sallow, pimply youth behind the grille looks faintly alarmed. A cassock, a country complexion, venerable white hair—he had expected the charming, child-like Abbé of stage and romance. And he has before him one of those Strong Silent Men from across the ocean.

"Deposit to my account!": the lymphatic clerk takes the $40,000 cheque with reverent alacrity. In less than twenty minutes—record time—seven signatures are secured, four revenue stamps affixed, algebraic computations made, the Departmental Head and Sub-Head called into consultation, and the simple transaction is completed. "They don't know the ABC of banking in this country." the Abbé says, as he strides into the open air again.

Another taxi, of course. Now, he is speeding along the Boulevards, Place de la Concorde, Champs-Elysées, to the Etoile district. Some American friends of his used to live there, in ultra-modern furnished apartments. That's where he belongs now. He will jump from seventeenth-century Rue Lhomond to twentieth-century Rue Galilée. Sweetness and light are not incompatible with decent sanitation. There is no "idealism" in putting up with mustiness and discomfort—only laziness.

The Abbé is received by a concierge as bland as a

diplomat; he is shown into an elevator which—this is the day of miracles!—actually elevates without a jerk. There is a charming little apartment for rent, "just the thing for the friends of Monsieur l'Abbé." "Not for friends, but for myself." The concierge is too well trained in the traditions of Metternich and Talleyrand to betray any surprise.

It is indeed what a gushing bride would call a darling little nest. Walls of Trianon grey, cunningly glazed so as to simulate the accumulated dirt of two centuries; medallion chairs with broché silk, toned down to the exact degree of fashionable *passé;* electric lights carefully camouflaged as candles; old missals of rich tawny leather and tarnished gold, which open to reveal an inkstand or a cigar box; pastels and prints of simpering milk maids, mincing with dainty courtly grace as though tending cattle were a minuet. All this faked Louis XVI nauseates him. Escape from the genuine ancient world of the rue Lhomond to fall into this would-be sophisticated and unconvincing make-believe? No.

"We have an apartment in *Arts Décoratifs,* if Monsieur l'Abbé would care to look at it?" No artificial ghosts in these rooms, at any rate! The walls streaked with a razzle-dazzle of silver, black and flaming orange; triangular tables of aggressive perversity; chairs of ominous nickeled steel, reminiscent of a dentist's torture chamber; a nightmarish aluminium statue mesmerizing Abbé Le Gonidec with its single malefic eye. . . . So this is the twentieth century, when it tries to shake off the thrall of tradition!

Abbé Le Gonidec is perplexed; his dash of all-conquering confidence is subdued. You cannot hurry the East, says Kipling: can enormous American sales jazz up the Left Bank and Plougastel? The Abbé is no longer in taxi mood. He strolls down the Champs Elysées. In his young manhood—it was but yesterday!—the noble avenue was lined with aristocratic private residences, some of them still enclosed in large gardens.

There were only a few discreet shops; no glare, no hurry. Gentlemen could ceremoniously salute their friends, as they glided by in their leisurely victorias. And that pace, set by the Second Empire, was denounced as "fast and furious"! What an Arcadia of innocence and peace! To-day, international hotels everywhere; modernistic "Marble Palaces"; stores of transatlantic extravagance; signs that will soon rival Broadway's; eight lines of autos rushing like express trains. Progress, speed, wealth: only the trees are perishing in the dust and fumes. And how much of old France is perishing with them?

No, he is not at home in this up-to-the-minute Cosmopolis. Even a glimpse of the stately Dôme des Invalides fails to please him, caught between the gaudy magnificence of exposition palaces. Even the Place de la Concorde has lost its ancient appeal, with the bewildering whirl of racing taxicabs. A last look at the splendid Avenue, rising towards the West. The sun, already low, is sprinkling with gold the tender green foliage. The tremendous Triumphal Arch is half-veiled in irradiated mist, a dream gateway to a fabulous past. How long will this delicate harmony withstand the onslaught of Mass and Speed?

He hastens to cross over to his own country, the aristocratic, pious and learned Left Bank. From the bridge he sees the massive towers of Notre-Dame rise in reassuring majesty. He avoids the modern and commonplace Boulevard St. Germain; he threads his intricate way through ancient streets, some quiet, austere, almost claustral, like those of an ecclesiastical city, some popular, teeming, gay with busy little shops that spill half their wares on to the crowded sidewalk. In the gathering twilight he goes deeper and deeper into the vanished centuries, seeking, far away from Cosmopolis, the secret of those things which refuse to change.

At last, crowning the steep rise of the Rue de la Montagne Sainte Geneviève, he catches sight of his own

steeple, as dear to him as any village spire to an exiled villager, the slender, fantastic tower of St. Etienne-du-Mont. When he reaches the main portal, the setting sun is adding a delicate glow to the marvellous façade, in which Gothic quaintness blends so perfectly with classical elegance. He enters: the world vanishes behind the double leather-padded doors. Infinite peace fills the cool darkening nave. Stairs of exquisite tracery wind round two pillars; between them the drop arch of the rood screen spans the chancel, in a curve of such consummate grace that it is a caress to the soul. Spurious Louis Seize, frenzied Cubism, plutocratic vulgarity, raging automobiles, all are forgotten.

"*Tu es sacerdos in aeternum*, Yves!" the Abbé murmurs to himself.

After a brief prayer, he reaches the rue Lhomond. The concierge, with her shapeless bulk, her roughened hands, her triple chin, her bristling mole, beams upon him with the unfathomable friendliness of home. He answers her greeting with a new warmth of cordiality.

"Monsieur l'Abbé had a pleasant day? Such lovely weather!"

"I have just walked back from the other end of the world, Madame Gibou, and I am so glad to get here!"

Up four flights, into his neat odd-shaped study, with the wide window that opens on a garden of restfulness; his well-worn books on every side; the friendly desk littered with half-scribbled sheets; the blackboard a maze of half-effaced equations. . . .

He lights his oil lamp, puts on his felt slippers, sinks into his grandfather's armchair, and heaves a sigh of delighted relief:

"I must be an Obscurantist," he smiles. "I love not the garish day, nor does it love me. But what on earth am I to do with forty thousand dollars?"

A chapel bell rings out sweetly in the placid night. He is answered; and the care that fretted him melts unnoticed away.

England and the New Barbarism

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

WHEN we were very young, we were taught, and respectfully tried to believe, that English history began in Germany. I myself was spoon-fed with John Richard Green's *Short History of the English People,* which opens in Germany and coolly ignores the great years before the Dark Ages began. I understand that there are still some people who believe that this Island was almost entirely peopled by fierce Teutonic pirates, who crossed the North Sea in overwhelming numbers but in very little boats, and who made Britain English by turning it into a shambles in which a great British population was ruthlessly exterminated—man, woman and child. Some people even take pride in this extravagant picture of the murder of an entire nation, but they are, I think, a diminishing number. The English are not bloodthirsty to-day, and as fewer than fifty generations have elapsed since A.D. 400 I do not believe that they can have changed their nature so soon. Most sensible people, and certainly all those who have examined, as I have, the dimensions of an original pirate boat of A.D. 400, reject the rivers of British blood theory, and believe with such an authority as Professor Bertram Windle that the "crumb" of the British population was never exterminated but remained the body of England. "Saxon and Dane and Norman are we" is seen to be a partial statement, however effective as verse.

Whatever the truth about the origin of the mass of our people, we are certainly threatened to-day with German conquest. I have the misfortune, while admiring Germany, to want something of admiration for the German language, but I find it difficult to escape from its gutturals. Some years ago I enjoyed a course of excellent German banquets at which German orations

were delivered. I came to the conclusion that the German custom of sandwiching dinner-speeches between the courses recognized that something had to be done, on the pill and jam principle, to enable the diner to tolerate successive doses of German eloquence. The last such function I attended was in connection with a German art exhibition at which I first encountered that "Modern Art" which is a cult of perversity and ugliness. That was in undefeated Germany. Now, with Germany defeated, I find that the ether continually doses me with modern German music, that our publishers pour out translations of German novels, that the films specialize in German vamps, that our thoroughfares are filling with German buildings, and that, to crown our misfortunes, there has been erected on the Avon a terrifying mass of brickwork apparently derived from hideous German examples. Whether or not England was born in Germany, modern England is being subdued to German taste. To enable us fully to appreciate this, that earnest and aspiring institution, the B.B.C., is good enough to provide us regularly with "German Talk" delivered by Mr. Otto Siepmann. French radio lessons I can understand, for French is a passport, but who, I wonder, has asked the B.B.C. for tuition in German?

I write this fresh from hearing on the wireless a B.B.C. "radio play" adapted from Jacob Wassermann's *Der Aufruhr un den Junker Ernst.* I am not acquainted with the original, but whatever its merits, the attempt to render it as an English wireless performance was signally unsuccessful, although it was furnished with a very costly and talented cast. The performance occupied a deadly 75 minutes, and from its nature must have been the fruit of much earnest endeavour and expenditure. One is gravelled to know why such a work, picturing the reign of persecution, fear and cruelty in a little German State in the sixteenth century, should be thought suitable for presentation to a wireless public which now includes nearly half the population of the British Isles.

We are driven to the conclusion that it is merely another episode in the German cultivation of the British mind. Here we have the B.B.C., which has given us so little Shakespeare (and only one performance worthy of the material), spending what must have been a large sum of money in a vain attempt to create in England a German atmosphere. Strange that the B.B.C. should give us less Shakespeare than is done at Moscow. Stranger still that it should enshrine, on the leader page of the *Radio Times*, an article by Mr. Filson Young which speaks of Shakespeare as "clothing thought in long and complicated blank verse," and as writing "long sentences studded with elaborate similes"! We are also told by this authority that "the fact that Shakespeare clothed his glorious utterances in blank verse is sometimes a hindrance and not a help to the understanding of them"! The B.B.C. might care to explain to us (1) how utterance can itself be clothed in utterance, and (2) how, if utterance is admittedly glorious, it is nevertheless not to be understood because of its own inherent glory. That a semi-State institution should print such nonsense by the million copies! That it should fail to pay to the chiefest of our national glories the tributes that are paid to inferior bards by "less happier lands"! That it should offer such an apology for its neglect!

Thus also with our singers, especially with those of something less than the first class. Your wobbly soprano or throaty tenor too often chooses a bunch of German songs—I beg their pardon, *lieder*—for the edification of the British public; to give us *lieder* in alleged German makes mediocrity seem so very superior! I strongly suspect that few of these vocalists are acquainted with German, and I am quite sure that their hearers are not. On the Continent, in Germany and elsewhere, foreign vocal works are almost invariably rendered in translation; it is an example we should follow. Why do so many of us seem unaware that we possess a very beautiful language, free from gutturals and nasals?

As for what is left to us of opera, it is, of course, German. It is significant of the German conquest that a subsidized national opera should in 1932 be wholly devoted to German work and sung mainly by appalling German singers. Thus we are not only Germanized, but have become more German than the Germans. Opera in modern Germany is by no means solely devoted to German music. Again and again lately I have heard the work of French and Italian composers performed in Germany, of course with the libretti translated into German. Verdi, for example, is now very popular in Germany, and only the other day I had the good fortune to hear a fairly good German performance of Verdi's *Macbeth,* which has never, I think, been given in this country. Our devotion to German opera and to German singers of German opera is indeed amazing. British critics have a higher opinion of German singers than Wagner had, but I observe that one of them has been moved by what I thought a painful item in the recent German opera season to write " his singing was robust rather than subtle." Robust is an excellent word; there is also the word *bawl.* Let me set down what George Bernard Shaw wrote of German singing, after hearing the bawling at a Bayreuth Festival:

> It had to be explained to him (the German conductor) that I was accustomed to the " smooth " singing popular in England. That settled the question for the Bayreuth conductor. Good singing there is merely *glatt* (bland, sugary), obviously an effeminate, silly, superficial quality, unsuited to the utterances of primeval heroes. The notion that this particular sort of smoothness is one of the consequences of aiming at beauty of tone and singing in tune is apparently as strange in Germany as the notion that it is more truly virile to sing like a man than like a bullock.

I thought of this when the B.B.C. kindly relayed the shouting of *Don Giovanni* (" Don Joe-Vanny," the dear announcer called it) from Munich. It is astonishing that our musical authorities have not acquainted themselves, by the ready means of the wireless, with the splendid

operatic talent existing at the present time in countries other than Germany. I hasten to add that I am myself devoted to Wagner, but there is just cause for complaint when music in England is reduced to a choice between High German and Low Jazz. Given an hour of Ernst Krenek, Alban Berg and Anton Webern, how can a normal and very human British subject be expected to listen again to "serious" music? Our orchestras are continually set to blast and shriek in the "interpretation" of modern German noises that would have driven Wagner to blasphemy and Beethoven to prayer.

I pass from music to sculpture. Our public thoroughfares are being busily decorated with imitations of those obese and diseased figures which originated in Germany. Some people imagine that they are a brutal product of a brutal post-war mentality, but that is not so. Before the War, in all the Germanic countries, and particularly in Germany, I encountered large specimens of those fearful ladies, afflicted with elephantiasis, smallpox and a squint, who are so proud a feature of "modern art"—

> Now Aphrodite rises from the sea,
> Bloated, amorphous, much too fat to sink.

At Cologne, just before the War, I saw a thing which has evidently served as a model for a good deal of the Germanized work now thrust upon us here. A block of marble had been carved into a figure so grotesque, so repulsive, so suggestive of disease, that it shocked the beholder. Further North, at an exhibition at what was then Christiania (why change so lovely a name?) I saw both sculptures and drawings which caused all women and most men the gravest embarrassment; no savage was ever guilty of such perversity. This sort of stuff is now forced upon us by cultural authority. The B.B.C. prints chunks of the modernist German fat ladies in *The Listener;* the B.B.C lecturers love them dearly and confide their love to the "air." Each popular editor

engages as "art critic" one who is the very latest writer on the subject. The very latest writer, very naturally, admires the very latest, for who would be behind our so elegant times?

As with sculpture, so with literature. The British printing-press is now always busily at work turning out translations of German novels. For the most part, these are sordid and brutal. Incest is a favourite subject with the modern German novelist, as witness *Brother and Sister* and *A Room in Berlin*. When incest fails, the German can always fall back upon some such perversity of sex as is crudely drawn in *The Blue Angel*. What, I wonder, in the last work, recommended its translation? Was it the escapades of the dirty little German students, or the malignancy of the unpleasant old professor? Unredeemed by human pity, the work is mere mud. Wassermann has treated the same theme in *Wedlock* with more humanity but with not less crudity; his lawyer hero falls a prey to a harpy, and he (or his translator) gives us gems like this, *"As things are now, I could become a criminal for the sake of a smile from Lu."* Sheer melodrama, decked out with sham profundities. It is astonishing to what a degree abnormality runs through these German books; perversion is their stock-in-trade; give them the loves of a madhouse or sanatorium and they and their translators are happy. It is even more astonishing that the magic of the printing-press should be used to inculcate and disseminate here the perversions which are cursing modern city life and which threaten to write the doom of white civilization. Nay, more than threaten; the decline of the West has begun.

Architecture is now completely resigned to the influence of that combination of childishness and brutality which is becoming manifest in every German city. What is happening amounts to the most amazing phase in the history of building. Sometimes we get the unredeemed crudity of mechanical lines. Or again we get that

childishness of decoration expected of a street urchin who begs us to "remember the grotto!"

The seriousness of this department of German ugliness lies in the fact that building is more than a thing of the moment. A hideous fashion in dress passes, and we see it no more, save in some old photograph moving us to laughter. Exercises in atonality we need not heed, for no one can compel us to listen. We can avoid English translations of German novels. Unfortunately we cannot escape from buildings, for their exteriors are public possessions and they endure. When a modern British building is ordered by a commercial magnate who, desiring to startle, employs an architect to give him the "latest," and when the architect in pursuit of novelty goes to Germany for ideas, we find some great thoroughfare disfigured by a pseudo-German building substantial enough to stand for a century or more as a monument of uglification.

This debasement of architecture comes to a head with the erection on the Avon of the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Whether by accident or design, it suggests the influence of Germany. We can imagine what Shakespeare would have thought of it, for he, of course, was a child of the Renaissance, whose glorious works are now flouted by those whose ideas are made in Germany. There are few references to Germany in all Shakespeare, and we know from what sources he drew his inspiration. It is surely not a little remarkable that one who worshipped and created beauty should be commemorated by a mass of brickwork whose ugly bulk is accentuated by ornaments of an incredible triviality.

I do not know why England should thus become an intellectual satellite of Germany, but I do know that the triumph of modern Germany in every department of the arts is complete. I admit the humour of it, but there is a serious side to the uglification of England. A great nation is passing through phases of undeserved degradation which have scored and scarred the minds of her

gifted but unfortunate peoples. It is not necessary to blame the essential Germany for her position to-day when we say that she presents in transition a most unlikely field for admiration and emulation. Let us hope that the sane Germany will return and that she will soon cease to degrade her beautiful ancient cities. The fine old German idea was to respect ancient monuments and existing glories by insisting that new building should not outrage the old; alas that that is no longer true! It is not to such a region of misery and distraction that we should look for intellectual leadership. What is the matter with us, then, that we find ourselves seized with an extraordinary passion for cultivating the quite recent perversions which Germany is applying to every branch of the arts? The New Barbarism must be checked.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street

(Author of "Farmer's Glory")

August 15th.

A GENTLEMAN called to see me to-day, just after lunch. He has an appointment at an Agricultural Research Institute. He said he was on holiday in the neighbourhood, and would like to see an open-air milking outfit at work, so we walked out to mine. On our way he asked how many cows we could milk per hour. I told him about thirty, and he looked his disbelief. We found Charlie, the dairyman, just starting up. While the milking was in progress I gave my visitor some particulars as to the running of the outfit, but I expect I talked too much, I usually do, for suddenly he burst out, "I've been timing this job. There's a cow leaves the bail every 1¾ minutes. That's more than thirty per hour!" "Well," I said, "that's somewhere about what I told you." "Yes," he said, "that's the amazing part of it." "Why?" I asked. "Are we supposed to be natural liars in Wiltshire?" "No," he said, "but one expects to take the usual trade discount off for exaggeration." It's amazing how truth flummoxes people, when they're expecting the other thing. We watched for a bit longer, and then he said, "Your fellows aren't hurrying at all. It seems a most leisurely business, and I always thought that for a man and a lad to milk sixty cows on one of these things was sweating." Of course, he only saw the job on one summer afternoon. There are times in the winter when the weather makes it much less of a picnic, but on the whole, it isn't a bad job. As Charlie says, "When we'm done, we'm done. We haven't got to come back after breakfast on Sundays and clean out a cowhouse."

August 16th.

On holiday for the first time for four years. Drove down to Devonshire this morning. On the journey I

saw both good corn and bad, but wherever I saw a good crop it had been laid flat by the weather. Our present national policy is against not only economic conditions, but also our climatic ones. Not for one moment would I suggest that Devonshire scenery is not beautiful, but somehow I prefer Wiltshire. A matter of use, I suppose, but when I get away from the downs, I don't feel comfortable. The permanent background of my life seems to have vanished. Mentally, I seem to be looking continuously over my shoulder for something that should be there, and isn't. Yes, I miss those friendly, rounded, unchanging downs. Still, I'm on holiday, the weather is warm, the sea and sky are blue, peacefully blue, and my small daughter yearns to bathe. I will leave this diary, pluck up my courage—I am no fierce bather—and bathe with her. I have bathed, and I've made an awful discovery; my child can swim farther than I can. This must surely be the first sign of old age.

August 17th.

In this press-ridden age one reads the papers even on holiday. This morning they are full of articles and pictures of England's harvest. They are great on the charm of it all, especially that the laid crops this year necessitate the use of the old-fashioned scythe. They think that the Wheat Quota will make the hand-mowing of laid corn crops a profitable business, both for the farmer and the nation. When will they realize that wheat is but a mere flea-bite of our agricultural output, a bare 5 per cent. only? Why don't they publish that the hen brings in the British farmer more than half as much again as wheat? Why don't they point out that only about one year in six do we produce wheat which can in any measure compare for quality with imported owing to our variable climate? 1921 wheat was good, so was 1929's, but was there any millable wheat grown here in 1931? Dare any baker risk losing his connection by using flour milled from that year's harvesting? Why

don't they ——? Oh, what's the good? I'd better go and bathe again. It will cool me down.

August 20th.

Drove home to-day; a very pleasant run. Harvest is in full swing everywhere. Found everything all right here. Of course, there's an accumulation of retail dairy books, etc., waiting for me, but, in the main, I find that I am not so indispensable as I thought. Humiliating this, but very good for me.

August 21st.

The Sabbath. I'm afraid I've broken it in many ways. I walked all round the farm this morning, working hard—mentally working I mean, not physically. I've grown 3½ acres of wheat this season, as I want some straw. It's a bit late in ripening, but should be cut this week. My neighbour is going to cut it for me. I sent a tractor and sweep to help him finish his haymaking, and, in return, he's going to send a binder to cut my wheat. Back to barter all right. It was very hot to-day, so I broke the Sabbath again after tea. As usual, I can plead that a woman tempted me. She did, my daughter. We bathed.

August 24th.

I went to London to do some odds and ends of business during the day, and to broadcast in the evening. I had memorized this talk, and was able to give it with my eyes shut—literally shut, I mean. I find that to shut one's eyes helps tremendously. One forgets the microphone, one is able to imagine oneself back on the scene of the subject-matter, and, above all, one doesn't simply read aloud to people, one yarns to them. I was talking about harvesting, both here and in Canada, and I was able to visualize each country and field.

August 29th.

I got into trouble with my men to-day. Usually we rub along amicably, but to-day we differed on a matter

of principle. We carried, or rather they carried, my 3½ acres of wheat. The proofs of a book arrived two days ago, so, after arranging things, I walked off to get on with the correcting. "Ay!" said one of my stalwarts. "Bain't you gwaine to 'elp us?" "No, Jim," I said, "I'm too busy." "Well," he said, "I never yeard tell o' sich a thing. A farmer not 'elp wi' 'is 'arves'." "I tell you I haven't got time," I said. "Time!" he snorted. "Tain't time. You be gwaine a messin' about wi' thic writin' er zummat voolish. You should knaw bettern that." Grumbling to himself at my treacherous desertion he clattered away in a wagon, while I went in to my desk and set about correcting proofs. And the devil of it is, that the further I got with them, the more convinced I became that I was busy with "zummat voolish."

September 1*st.*

I've been reading the local papers. A truly Gilbertian situation has arisen at the County Executive of the N.F.U. One branch seems to have proposed that the Executive should pass a vote of censure on themselves for neglecting the more important branches of farming—livestock—and concentrating all their energies on the relatively unimportant things like grain and sugar beet. Apparently, the livestock men, especially the smallholders, have at last waked up to the fact that they are being exploited by a small, but very noisy section of the farming community. And they said so. They said it so very loud and clear that, had the motion been put to vote, it looks as though the County N.F.U. would have censured themselves by a large majority. Still, in consideration for everybody's feelings, they decided to withdraw the motion and let themselves off once more. However, it's done a lot of good. Smallholders, perforce, are largely livestock men. They will not touch the wheat money nor the beet money, and the recent national policy has injured them definitely. I can't remember

who it was who said that you can't fool the people all the time, but he spoke truth.

September 3rd.

I met a man to-day who attends all the leading agricultural shows; he's in the implement trade. He told me that for every new implement sold in the North and East of England, there were ten sold in the South-West. "I tell you," he said, "Sussex is out of date, East Anglia's prehistoric, and Yorkshire ain't awake yet." I have no knowledge of these counties, so I could not pass any opinion, but I imagine that if he were to say that in any one of them, he'd get plenty of forcible answers.

September 6th.

There doesn't seem to be enough farming in this diary of mine. The trouble is that this grass farming and open-air dairying has a rather monotonous sameness about it. The farm is now a milk factory, and we do the same things, day after day, in spite of the weather. We've got to; there's no dodging it. On the one hand, there are some eighty odd bovine ladies whose wants have to be attended to, and, on the other, the retail one, there are many more equally determined human ladies whose servant, as a perfectly good milkman, I must be. That, of course, is the strong point of my present business, for, while my staff may not be lazy, I am inherently so.

September 8th.

Wilton Sheep Fair. This fair has always been held on September 12 until this year. The date has been changed to the first Thursday in September as it was found that when the 12th fell on a Saturday, Sunday or Monday it was most inconvenient for buyers, sellers, and drovers. To-day it's poured with rain unceasingly and

the farm labourers say that this weather is a judgment on the farmers and auctioneers who agreed this immoral change of date. Most of us derive great joy from being able to say, "I told you so," or, as one of my men put it, "I 'lowd zummat 'ould 'appen, an' I wor right." The sheep trade was bad, very bad, but no worse than earlier fairs. Even the most pessimistic of us are beginning to think that the bottom of the depression has been reached. The writer of an article in last Sunday's paper gives the present increased cost of living as the main reason for the small families to-day. He can't mean the increased cost of food, which, in the main, is below pre-war, and in comparison with the nation's salary and wage scale is lower than it has ever been in living memory. Increased facilities for amusement would be nearer the mark, I fancy.

September 9th.

I have come to the conclusion that a farmer in his life plays many parts. In actual fact he lives from day to day in what may best be described as an atmosphere of battle, murder, and sudden death. Even this grass farming has its moments. I never know when I shall be going to bed, nor when I may be called to get up in the morning. It is true that the night holds a farm in leash, so to speak, but it is always straining to get away. The whole night through a farm waits eagerly for the traffic light of sunrise to signal "GO" once more. In one twenty-four hours I may be a farmer, a chauffeur, a mechanic, a navvy, a midwife, a sportsman, a groom, a carter, a cowman, a gardener, a buyer, a seller, a financier —I put that in as it's pay day to-day—and almost countless other things. Also, in my case, if you add the cares and pleasures of milk retailing and also the humours and disappointments of being a peddler of words, life is, indeed, a busy business. However, to-day has been a very placid one with no untoward happening. This is ominous. It's probably the calm before the storm.

September 10th.

To-day we've had one little happening out of the general run. At breakfast this morning I heard some yelling outside. I looked out of the window to see the bull loose in the road. He'd got out somehow or other, and the men were trying to drive him into the farmyard. As I looked out he was surveying the laurels between us, which slope up from the road to the house at an angle of about forty degrees. These had just been trimmed, and must have appeared to William—all farm bulls are Williams—as a solid green slope, for, just as I watched him, he tried to jump up on to them. He must have got an awful surprise, for, of course, he went down through them some four feet with his front part, pitched on his nose, and left his hindquarters hitched on the low, iron roadside fence. He said awful things to himself down in the laurels, but there he was, stuck fast. I ran out and helped the men heave his hind legs over the fence, and then two of us ran round and waited for his lordship on the drive. He came rumbling and grumbling up through the laurels, and, as he poked his head out, I slipped my finger through the ring in his nose, and we soon had him back to his proper quarters. Quite a pleasant little change to start the day.

September 12th.

The first September 12 in living memory without a Wilton Sheep Fair. I've been reading a lot lately concerning the economic reasons why our home agriculture should be encouraged, helped, and developed to its fullest capacity. In short, the writers have proved convincingly that on economic grounds the nation should make its farming a paying business. It occurs to me that I mistrust most economic theories. We don't handle the really important things in our lives in this way. Take friendship for instance. You don't choose your friends from an economic standpoint. It just can't be done; you wouldn't have any friends. Oh no! Friendship's

much too important a thing to be handled like that. Again, when a boy gets into a hole and goes to his father for help, it's a much bigger thing than economics which decides the old man to lend a helping hand. Does a young man fall in love on economic grounds? God help the girl if he does! But if he wants her he'll marry her in spite of all your economic theories, and neither his parents, the Government, nor the League of Nations can stop him—a pleasing thought this. So I sometimes wonder whether it wouldn't be an economic thing for the nation to put its farming on a prosperous basis, to consider it as important as friendship, say, even whether it would be a paying proposition so to do, or not. Of course, you might argue that to do this would be economically wrong, but morally right. Conversely, it might be argued that it would be economically right, but most scandalously immoral. It's an interesting question to which I've not yet found a satisfactory answer, and neither, apparently, has anybody else. Of one thing I am certain. 80 per cent. of British agriculture is concerned with live stock. Surely the branches of farming which have been found to be the safest places for the individual farmer's capital should be where the nation should place its investments in agriculture.

September 15th.

I've been looking through our milk output figures for this summer. We've been dairying on the open-air system for four years now, and each season our results have improved, especially this summer. The herd yield has been both high and steady. There has been no sudden drop in July and August. Whether this is due to climatic conditions, which admittedly have been favourable, or whether it is because we know more about the game, I do not know, but definitely I have never known cows milk so well. Well, it's nice to speak well of farming for once.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THIS month witnesses the tenth anniversary of one of the most memorable events in modern history, namely the Fascist assumption of power in Italy. When the March on Rome took place it was generally believed in this country that a temporary dictatorship, to restore law and order, had been set up, and that after a few years the Liberal State, if in a modified form, would be restored. After it had become clear that Signor Mussolini had no such intentions, a howl of indignation went up from the democrats of the world, and he was denounced as a tyrant whom the Italian people would soon sweep away in their wrath. Now the Fascist regime is celebrating its tenth birthday, and not even its most hostile critic can deny that it commands the enthusiastic support of the vast majority of Italians.

The fact, of course, is that far from merely setting up a temporary dictatorship, the events of ten years ago heralded a revolution comparable with that in France in 1789, and in Russia in 1917. Those who knew Italy in pre-Fascist days are best able to appreciate the difference in her outlook then and now. What has taken place is another Renaissance, a new *Risorgimento*. It is true that externally much has remained unchanged, for example there are still a King and two Houses of Parliament, for Signor Mussolini has always preferred to work through existing institutions where he could, but there are new men and a new spirit. If a historical comparison is to be made, it lies between the work of Augustus and of the *Duce*, for both preserved the old forms, while putting them to very different uses.

Democrats still look askance at the existing order in Italy, chiefly because they cannot forgive it for having succeeded in violation of every principle for which they stand, but the ordinary citizen is undoubtedly grateful to it for having established what may be described as a zone of stability in southern Europe.

The Corporate State

OUTSIDE Italy there has been an unfortunate tendency to direct an excessive amount of attention to the more spectacular aspects of Fascist rule, with the result that many of its solid contributions to European civilization are ignored. The most important of these latter has been the establishment of the Corporate State, and as this may well be the ultimate solution of Europe's present troubles it is essential that the principles upon which it is based should be thoroughly understood.

Fascism rejects the doctrine that the interest of the State is the sum of the interests of its citizens, and it maintains that the former may be in conflict with the latter on occasion. Nothing is alien to the State, though this does not mean, as the Socialists would have us believe, that the State must interfere with the individual at all and every opportunity; rather does it retain the right to intervention, of the most drastic nature, if the superior interest of the community as a whole demands it. Furthermore, Fascism regards the citizen primarily as a producer, and from this it follows that no organization for the purpose of production can be left outside the Constitution. In short, the gulf that separates politics and economics, Capital and Labour, in democratic countries has been successfully bridged in Italy by means of the Corporate State.

Those who may be alarmed at the apparently revolutionary nature of this system would do well to recollect that it was the basis of society in the Middle Ages, and that it would certainly have recommended itself to the Tories of an earlier day. Continual friction between opposing interests was ruining Italy, and by the establishment of the Corporate State on the one hand, and the settlement with the Vatican on the other, Signor Mussolini has ensured that the resources of his country shall not be wasted in fratricidal strife.

The Fascist Lesson

THE Fascist system is too essentially Italian (wherein lies its strength in Italy) to be suitable for export as such, but the Corporate State will clearly have to be adopted in some form by all nations unless civilization is to perish in a welter of political and economic chaos. Furthermore, Fascism has taught us that the only satisfactory foundation for the State is the family, and the sooner that lesson is learnt in this country the greater will be its hope of recovery.

Fascist Italy differs from the democratic States in that it does not legislate upon an *ad hoc* basis, but upon a carefully conceived plan. That is to say that each piece of legislation is devised to fit into the whole, and is not opportunist in its nature. For example, as Fascism believes in the family it takes care that the death duties are so arranged that a man is not penalized if he acquires property and leaves it to his children, but rather is he encouraged to do so. In Great Britain, on the other hand, taxation is imposed quite regardless of its ultimate social and political consequences; and although, with the possible exception of Viscount Snowden, it is unlikely that any recent Chancellor of the Exchequer has held Bolshevist views concerning the family, yet for upwards of a generation the Treasury has acted as if the latter were an enemy to be destroyed at all costs.

In fine, the message that the tenth anniversary of the Fascist regime has for those who believe in religion, in the family, and in social and moral discipline, is that they must take the offensive if their ideals are not to perish utterly. We Tories are the real revolutionaries of the present age. The existing socialized State is not of our seeking, and it must be overthrown by any means that come to hand. For this fight there is more than one weapon that might with advantage be borrowed from the Fascist armoury.

The German Armament Proposal

THE German government is to be thanked for having brought us all back to reality in the matter of armaments. After the windy rhetoric of the Disarmament Conference and of the League of Nations Union it is something of a relief to hear the spokesmen of a Great Power tell the truth, and say that they propose to arm whether the rest of the world likes it or not. The fact may not be palatable, but it has at any rate been boldly stated, and that is better than armaments being increased under the pretext of disarmament, which is the course that all the leading Powers, except Great Britain, have been pursuing for the last ten years.

To pretend that this does not mean a new race in armaments is to play the ostrich. France and Poland consider that their present strength does not allow a sufficient margin of safety, and if Germany increases her forces, they will increase theirs: Italy will do the same, and Hungary will follow the example of Germany, with a like effect upon her neighbours. It is all part of the price that the world has to pay for its statesmen having refused for so long to face facts, and also for the gratuitous interference of the United States in European affairs. Slogans were substituted for principles, and armaments, instead of being left to take care of themselves, were made the subject of innumerable conferences, to which, be it noted, only those nations which were already armed to the teeth were invited. Now, the bin that contained the famous Spirit of Locarno is empty, the decanters have been drained, and only the headache remains.

The Basic Fact

WHILE the Powers are manœuvring for position in the face of the German demand, it is as well to realize what is at stake. Fundamentally, the problem is a Franco-German one, that is to say, that if Paris and Berlin could come to an agreement, which in existing

circumstances is almost impossible, the other nations would automatically endorse it.

To a considerable extent the responsibility for the present crisis rests with France. First of all she persists in maintaining an absurd form of government, the Third Republic, which, for internal political reasons, saddles her with a numerically large, but half-trained, force, that is useless for her purpose, but affords an excellent excuse for her enemies to denounce her as militarist. What France really needs is a smaller professional army, but this is just what her politicians will not let her have. As if this were not enough, at the elections last spring she returned a Left majority to power, and so encouraged the Germans to believe that her government would not seriously dispute any infractions of the Treaty of Versailles, an assumption which seems likely to prove correct.

France undoubtedly wants security, and she does not want war. The realization of her desires rests very largely with herself. Let her get rid of the Freemasons, Socialists, and *mangeurs des curés* who have governed her for so long, and she will then be able to pursue a line of policy suited to her needs, rather than one dictated by the interests of Left politicians. It is the weakness, not the strength, of France that is disturbing Europe.

The Attitude of Germany

THE attitude of Germany is quite easy to understand. She wishes to retrieve her defeat in the war, and considerable success has so far attended her efforts to achieve this end. In the financial sphere she has seen her payments on account of reparations whittled away from the large sum at which they were first fixed to nothing at all, and it is only natural that she should hope, in respect of armaments, to be able to effect the opposite, namely, that armaments should go up as reparations have gone down.

Furthermore, she is assisted by various external forces. The United States refuses to dissociate armaments and war debts, and the German claim is by no means unwelcome at Washington as a possible means of bringing pressure to bear on France. There is also a general desire not to do anything that might render the internal condition of Germany more unsettled, or drive her into the arms of Russia, and both these arguments have been widely used by Berlin. The bogey of Hitler in office has probably achieved more than his actual presence there would ever be able to effect. There are also the foreign investments to be taken into account, and the natural reluctance of the creditor, who hopes eventually to get paid, to deal harshly with his debtor.

In short, German diplomacy has been as adroit as the ex-Allies have been stupid, for the latter have made repeated concessions without exacting anything in return, and the appetite of Berlin has increased accordingly.

The British Position

THE Foreign Office has not distinguished itself in the handling of this problem, and it is quite clear that there are conflicting influences at work which prevent the formulation of a definite British policy. As usual, Downing Street has attempted to find a formula instead of a solution, and its most notable contribution has been a succession of kites to see which way the wind might happen to be blowing. On the whole the Diplomatic Service is pro-French, while the Prime Minister and the City are pro-German, and the pull-devil, pull-baker struggle between them is neither edifying nor conducive to the promotion of national interests.

As a co-guarantor with Italy of the Locarno Pact, we have had to consult Rome, and it is highly significant that this should be the moment chosen by Signor Mussolini to state his views in the *Sunday Times*. Indeed, it has since been rumoured that this article represented to a considerable extent the opinion of His Majesty's

Government, which, apparently, preferred to make the world acquainted with its attitude by means of the pen of a foreign statesman. The result is that it is impossible to say where Great Britain stands, and she is therefore equally distrusted in Paris and Berlin.

There is still, however, one chance of restoring the situation. Let Great Britain, France, and Italy make a united offer to meet Germany in the matter of armaments in return for a guarantee from the latter that she will respect existing territorial arrangements for a period of twenty years, and during that period let there be no disarmament conference of any sort. The only hope of effecting disarmament is to cease talking about it.

The French Financial Situation

THE success of the British conversion scheme has tempted the French Minister of Finance to essay a like operation, but whatever the result it would be idle to pretend that there are not all the makings of a financial crisis on the other side of the Channel. In view of the possible repercussions in the international sphere, it is well that the exact position should be understood in this country.

In the first place, conversion was only undertaken by Mr. Chamberlain after the Budget had been balanced, at any rate on paper, whereas in France it is part of the scheme to reduce the deficit. Even if it wholly succeeds there will still be a balance of £24,000,000, at a conservative estimate, on the wrong side. Then, again, the *rentier* has already seen the value of the currency depreciate by four-fifths, and he has consequently had his income diminished by that amount. Nor is this all, for the project is being put into execution by an administration of the Left, headed by the very man, M. Herriot, who more than anybody else was responsible for the catastrophe of six years ago.

Such being the case, it is small wonder that the Right is exclaiming that the cart has been put before

the horse, and that if the Government wishes to convert the *rentes* it should first of all have effected economies. Among other reforms which are being demanded are the sale of the monopolies, a 10 per cent. cut in official salaries, the decision not to engage any more civil servants for a period of five years, a reduction in the numbers of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies by 100 and 200 respectively, and the abolition of the social insurance scheme of M. Tardieu.

M. Herriot's Position

THE truth, of course, is that M. Herriot's political position is extremely insecure, and it is impossible to combine good finance with bad politics. The Prime Minister came into power on the wave of a Left victory, but owing to the intransigent attitude adopted by the Socialists in international matters, he has been compelled to seek support among the groups that follow his rival, M. Tardieu. He may, of course, be able to hold office for some months yet by snatching a majority from Right or Left as opportunity serves, but such a situation is hardly conducive to the successful conduct of delicate financial operations, especially in view of the circumstances outlined above. His position, too, is not made any easier by the fact that M. Caillaux is the President of the Finance Commission of the Senate.

In the June number of this REVIEW it was predicted that finance would prove the Achilles' heel of the present French ministry, and the prophecy is likely to be fulfilled. A series of weak ministries, an unbalanced Budget, and a Chamber dominated by the Left, would be a repetition of the rake's progress of 1924–26, yet it is not easy to see how it is to be avoided. There are those who say that history will repeat itself, and that M. Poincaré will be called in again to restore the situation. This may be so, if his health is equal to the task, but otherwise it is difficult to envisage a solution that would not shake the existing regime to its foundations.

France is a rich country with an industrious population, but even she is proving unable to afford socialized democracy as a form of government. It cannot be too often repeated that the cause of most of the world's economic troubles to-day is the socialist policy pursued by the vast majority of ministries in every country since the war, and the difficulties which France is experiencing in the realm of finance is but the latest proof of this fact.

The Far East

THE report of the Lytton Commission, sent by the League of Nations to investigate conditions in Manchuria, has not, at the moment of writing, been published, but there can be little doubt that it will be unfavourable to Japanese claims. That does not matter in the least. Japan is in Manchuria, and she has no intention of leaving it for the *beaux yeux* of Geneva. As for the United States, one would have thought that the history of the annexation of Texas, California, and the Philippines, not to mention the attitude adopted towards the revolt of Cuba against Spain and of Panama against Colombia, would have made it a little difficult for her to take a high tone in respect of Manchuria.

What is important is that the British Government should not allow itself to be jockeyed by the League of Nations into an anti-Japanese attitude. When all is said and done, Japan represents the one stable factor in the Far East, and it is every day becoming increasingly more obvious that in abandoning our old alliance with her for the sake of American friendship, we sacrificed the substance to the shadow.

A Valuable Book

THE return to Conservative government in Germany renders it more than probable that some of the less desirable elements in that country may seek refuge in Great Britain, and for this reason the new edition of

The Alien Menace by Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Lane (Boswell Printing Co., 7s. 6d.) is to be welcomed. The author has brought the book up to date, and he shows very clearly indeed that the type of alien who is taking up his residence in our midst is the one that we could best spare. Particularly interesting are the chapters devoted to the alien influence both in education and in the B.B.C., and it is at least a curious coincidence that the aliens who play so prominent a part in our public life should invariably be on the Left in politics.

The book is one that should be in the hands of all who believe that just as the revolutionary movement is international, so the opposition to it must be international too. Colonel Lane has placed us all heavily in his debt by bringing out a new edition of his work at the present juncture, and it is all the more valuable for the fact that it contains several constructive proposals for dealing with the danger to which it calls attention.

The Hilpes and their Books

By Douglas Woodruff

This continuation of the very private correspondence of the Hilpes deals with a familiar subject which many families have to face in one form or another.
Previous extracts from the Hilpe Correspondence appeared in the issues of THE ENGLISH REVIEW *July, September* 1931 *and January* 1932.

A CERTAIN poignancy attaches to the letters which I am now about to make public for the first time. My friend Edward Hilpe had on more than one occasion to sustain the loss of a relative, and the blow came home with particular force when his Uncle Bernard died. I think I have mentioned Edward's addiction to authorship, an addiction which did not, it is true, lead to the completion of many, or indeed of any, bound volumes, but which coloured his mind, fortified his self-esteem, and strengthened his distaste for any other sort of occupation. Sometimes when I watched him at his daydreams I used to think of Gray's line about mute, inglorious Miltons, though I have known less kindly and attached observers say that in Edward's case his muteness was the most glorious thing about him. Perhaps he would not have met with much public response even if he had been able to overcome the psychological obstacles which prevented any sustained application. We shall never know. But he thought of himself as an author, an author whose fortitude was being tried by long obscurity, but whose ultimate niche was secure. He even had a tendency to blame his contemporaries for this neglect, although he would generally admit, after short discussion, that the difficulty, always present, of detecting contemporary genius was undoubtedly greatly increased while genius had not yet achieved any completed works. The Uncle Bernard above alluded to had passed a similar lifetime in incipient authorship and had collected a very large library as well

as what I imagine must have been a unique range of fountain pens. All of this he bequeathed, by that instinct of sympathy which unites writing men as much as by any sense of the blood tie, to his nephew Edward. The library was a large one, and it is plain that Bessie Hilpe raised objections, and seems to have originated a proposal that Uncle Robert should be asked to buy the library for cash. In the first letter Edward seems, to a friend whose ear can catch these fine differences, to be representing rather her views than his own.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I HOPE you got back safely from the funeral—I always feel one has a tendency to travel away from these melancholy occasions in a spirit of reckless dejection—or do I mean dejected recklessness? Whichever way you take it, one runs graver than normal risks, though the newspapers love to acclaim the event as a striking and macabre coincidence. You know, of course, that Uncle Bernard left me his library and his pens. It was a fine and touching thought, that a younger Hilpe might use, in the service of letters, those tools which an older member of the house had but had time to collect and sharpen. Even the manuscript notes he had made for his projected book on the influence of Asia upon Europe—a work which I know he had hoped to follow with one on the influence of Europe on America—have been left to me. The library is large and miscellaneous. Mr. Borlase tells me he thinks there must be nearer 20,000 than 15,000 volumes—and we are in rather a quandary owing to the smallness of this house. Personally, I rather like the idea of a house full of books, but Bessie says they collect the dirt and tend to drive away the maids, who dread having to dust them. It does seem to me that for the present, at any rate, I shall have no time to browse among them, if I am to make real progress with my own dedicated tasks, and it has occurred to both of us that you might be willing to receive and house

the library for the present. You would enjoy reading them I know, and I could claim them later on, when my present undertakings have been completed and have met with recognition, and Bessie and I have a larger house. Of course, we cannot see now how deeply you may become attached to the books, and it would not be right to ask you to run the risk of growing to love them and then of being expected to pack them up and send them away. That would not be fair to you. In offering them for your use now I also declare myself quite willing to meet you in forestalling the danger you will be in of being bereft of loved companions, and I think it only fair to make the books yours from the start. Then, if and when I am ready for them, I must buy them back from you for the sum you give now, and only if you are willing to let them go. It only remains to fix what that sum ought to be. Second-hand dealers, I am told, are fond of lump sums instead of pricing libraries volume by volume. If we say there are 17,000 volumes, and that on an average they are worth about 3s. each—and it is never a very grand book that one can buy for 3s.—the sum to be transferred between us would be some £2,500, a little more, to be precise, but I am content to make it that. I cannot bear the idea of the books going out of the family altogether. Can you?

Your loving Nephew,

EDWARD.

Uncle Robert found a number of reasons for not complying with this scheme.

DEAR EDWARD,

I AM sorry to have to say that I could only receive poor Bernard's library here as a storage proposition. It would mean devoting two rooms to them, and keeping an eye on them, and while I have the rooms—over the stables—the supervision would cost you nearly as much

as storage somewhere else. I am much too interested in you and your literary ventures to be willing to make any additions to the apparently quite efficient obstacles which already delay your progress, by making you feel that as soon as you were free to devote yourself to Bernard's books you would have to find £2,500 to recoup me. It is far better that you should have the books in your house, as an ever-present incentive to finish your present labours and be able to enjoy them. I have a heap of books of my own, whereas your house has always struck me as singularly denuded of old books. Bessie, with all her good qualities, never struck me as a booky or even as a book-respecting woman, and in the ordinary course, dear boy, you would never have been permitted to build up a collection a quarter the size of Bernard's. You have been very lucky, and you should lose no time in preparing your house to receive the collection. It is amazing how many books a house will take, if you will but think of it as a ship where each foot of space must be used to the full. I remember old Professor Sonning telling me that he found the staircase made such an excellent bookcase, if the upright boards are cut away in the middle and the flat boards are made to project further back to form a platform for the books. He said the effect was distinctly ornamental and became a Professor's house. His wife, of course, had been long dead. He told me he had even tried the experiment of bookcases on the floor, and that it gave him a distinctly pleasurable sensation to walk to his desk trampling on the works of various despicable colleagues. He said the common parquet floor had given him this notion. I mention Sonning to illustrate my point, that there is always room, I was going to say, for the largest library in the smallest house, but that would be an exaggeration and it is a comfort to think that our great national collections like the British Museum and Bodley are all the safer from the tremendous problem this concealment would be to a thief, however resolute. My own home is

as you know well stocked, but I shall cheerfully concede you supremacy after this.

Your loving Uncle,
ROBERT HILPE.

I see, again, the hand of Mrs. Edward Hilpe in the rejoinder to this letter.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT,

I DO not think that my first letter can have been quite plain. Perhaps I was too concise and even abrupt—forgive me if I was—for I obviously did not make you understand how deeply and unalterably impossible it is for us to take Bernard's library here. I will not attempt to dispute on physical grounds. I grant you we could get the books into the house, that they do not eat or need oil, and I will cheerfully admit that there is something very warming and companionable about them. But they would fatally depress Bessie's spirits. She says so herself, repeatedly, and I am to tell you. She says no woman likes old books about the place, and if you were married you would realize that the antipathy went far deeper than mere house-cleaning considerations. She says such books are very suitable for bachelors, lonely and detached spirits who may as well flit in and out of the skulls of dead men as anywhere else, and that it may be a special vocation to frequent them. It was in no unfriendly spirit that she acquiesced in, and indeed, originally suggested, my offering the books to you. She says she wishes it to be understood that the choice is between you and a second-hand dealer. I am powerless.

Your loving Nephew,
EDWARD HILPE.

This letter roused Uncle Robert and he replied with considerable energy.

DEAR EDWARD,

IT is a commonplace of the literary historians (your uncle Bernard possessed some excellent literary

histories) that literary men are unfortunate in their marriages. To that extent, despite all my respect for Bessie, I am constrained to class you among literary men. I cast no aspersion upon her which I do not cast, openly and with a skilled wrist, upon all her sex. It is you I chiefly blame, for failing to assert yourself. This is one of the matters where women must be ruled. They do not, save a very few rare ones among them, understand about old books. To them, even to the intelligent ones, a book is an adjunct of Social Life. They thoroughly understand the idea of a circulating library and they regard reading, like resting or making up their faces, as part of the preparation for social intercourse. Forgive me for speaking strongly, but I have been disappointed too often in my dinner partners not to distil a little vitriol into my ink-pot. Women are the readers of new books and the insanities of publishing could not go on without their incessant and superficial craving for something new to talk about. When I have tried at dinner to talk about what I have been reading I have found myself regarded as a bore because my reading lay off the main track and did not deal with current stuff. I have been tempted to think that women are congenitally unable to interest themselves in the dead. They are the lifebearers and only care for what is physically alive. Often I have praised an author with such warmth that I have kindled enthusiasm until I have let slip the fact that my man has been dead for fifty or a hundred years. Then the whole face of my listener has changed. It is a dreadful thing, now that women have command of so much more money than before and can call into existence trades to pander to their instincts, and I want to see a stand made in the Hilpe family. Any man who is really interested in mankind, that is in history and in ideas, will find himself reading far more old books than new. It is a degrading servitude to leave your mind open all the time to the assaults of publishers whose interest it is to fill you with some particular writing that they have

to sell. Like people who eat in accordance, not with the quantity that their stomach wants, but with the quantity put, adventitiously enough, on their plates, the weak reader lets other people's plans or moods be the measure of his nourishment. You will never, poor dear Edward, be just Hilpe to the rest of the world unless you are strong, and strong you will never be if you do not go your own way in your reading, undisturbed by what is happening to get written and then shouted about during these years, your years of germination. If you are looking at the world through your own eyes, you will think nothing better worth having than Bernard's books, which are like so many more windows on to distant landscapes for your house. The mere backs of such books will modify Bessie by degrees and will make her feel the vast continuity of the intellectual life of mankind and the smallness of the gossiping of the hour, and will teach her to reflect humbly how much women lose by their emotional preoccupation and obsession with the particular and with what has plain reference to themselves.

Your affect. Uncle,
ROBERT.

Relations were somewhat strained after this letter. I gather that Edward Hilpe endeavoured, on the strength of it, to assert himself in his home, and he seems to have felt that his Uncle was, perhaps, right and that his future as an author was at stake. Reading between the lines I am inclined to think the next letter was written as much for companionship as for anything else. Bessie was being difficult, it was her usual reply to his self-assertion, and he turned to Uncle Robert, as the cause of the difference, his mainstay and support.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT,

NOTHING is as yet settled about the books. After your letter I really felt I would like them in the house, and that they would help me to write better. I think it

is plainly true that most authors have lived surrounded by books, just as the sight of an egg is a great help to a hen. I quite agree that a book from Boots or Smith on the drawing-room table, with a paper at the side saying it is to go back as soon as it has been gobbled down or sipped, is wretchedness, especially if you watch how the actual books get chosen. How true it is that people go about with heads open, the casements flung wide to receive suggestions what they ought to read. Publishers and reviewers, when they ask themselves, as they often do, why they do not seem to have more influence, people being plainly the vacuous crowd they are, generally decide that what really sells books is word of mouth recommendation, friend to friend. I suppose one cannot be surprised, or quarrel at this, but there is one very bad thing about it, it keeps reading so much a social amusement, a kind of adjunct to talk, a feeder to the stream of conversation. To a serious author like myself this must seem all wrong. It is conversation that should be the feeder to that high lonely reading to which men should consecrate some part of each day. They should mingle, I feel, and unbend and talk, and then come away and review the spoken words in the light of reading which should all the time be following its own deep river beds. It is too grave an employment—I am speaking, of course, of real reading, of reading books of the quality I am so shortly to write—to be allowed to be the sport of contingency and fashion the way it is. You speak of the women you used to meet at dinner. I know exactly how you felt, and your impatience at people who considered a book almost fatally handicapped, as far as its chance of being read by them went, if it were more than two or three, or at the most five, years old. It is even difficult to get books which have been out for longer than that. At the same time, I feel that domestic peace is essential to creative work, and that I have no chance of doing great writing if Bessie is living in a state of suppressed—and it never is entirely suppressed—

torment. She says she will not live in a mouldy mausoleum. I have played with the idea of building a special wing to the house, and even of taking another house for the books—but I could only do this if you bought them and then, of course, I should not need it. A divorce I do not contemplate. Bessie has once or twice spoken of mental cruelty and said that no judge would expect a modern woman to live with 20,000 second-hand books. To this I reply that she has to remember the terms of her marriage vows, and in particular the clause about taking me for worse, which is commonly understood among women to mean falling into the hands of second-hand booksellers. But my efforts to introduce a light, bantering note do not do much to mend matters, and put very briefly, uncle, it looks like my having to choose between the books and Bessie. I am not prepared to support Bessie in another establishment, and no more, I suppose, are you. I want you to understand how entirely I am with you in all you say and imply about the spiritual dignity—the term is not too strong—of the old books which no publisher is concerned to push and which no dinner tables use as counters but which contain great slices of human experience. I am of your blood and of your mind in this matter, a Hilpe of the Hilpes, and if, nevertheless, I am driven to the hard arms of a second-hand dealer, it will not be the act of my soul but because hard fate, or more bluntly, poverty combined with my wife's attitude leaves no other course to.

Your loving and truly cultivated Nephew,
EDWARD.

Uncle Robert was a little touched.

DEAR EDWARD,

CANNOT something be done? It is not, I suppose, your fault that you married a wife who is, in this respect, an ordinary woman, indifferent to the past, to the general misfortunes of mankind. Her emotions strike me,

frankly, as hideous, this talk of a mouldy mausoleum of books combined with a fierce feeling that she is not going to give them away. Your aged uncles have always been one of your good points in her eyes, and she will not readily let the legacy of one go as a gift to another. I don't really expect that, but I do think you ought to be a little firm.

Your affect. Uncle,
R. HILPE.

Whether Mrs. Edward Hilpe read this letter, and, if so, whether Edward showed it to her, I do not feel called upon to conjecture. But it is noticeable that Edward's next letter is not, as I had hoped, a continuation of the large and permanent theme of dead versus living authors. He leaves that topic almost at once and becomes quite mundane.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT,

I AM rather surprised that you, who set such store by my marriage and my standing by my promises to Bessie, should let yourself go as you did in your last letter. If I believed your remarks about my wife, it would make life with her more difficult than it is. If I disbelieved, it would surely estrange me from you. I tried to show you how I stood, and I went an enormous distance, for a living author, in advocating the competition of dead authors. Surely, it is a wise dispensation of Providence that books do become unfashionable and unread. Only so do the new authors like me get their chance. The old man in possession—you must not think I am hitting back for the remarks contained in your last letter—is such a drag and an oppression in almost every other field that we ought to be thankful it is the other way round in literature and that the latest young upstart with a turn for phrases gets more interested pushing than Plutarch or Malory. After all, if the educated and middle-aged men will stick to the real books, the

women and youths and light prattlers may be allowed to concentrate on their contemporaries and may encourage them to qualify eventually for the libraries. The trouble is that the educated and middle-aged—and it is only those who live as far as middle-age who have any chance to be educated—grow fatigued and do crosswords instead.

I hope you see there is nothing petulant or fractious or weak or superficial in my attitude, and that no derogatory adjective of any description would fit it. Because I have to tell you that, in the interval, Bessie has acted. When she concluded that you were not likely to buy the books she approached several dealers. The best offers were scandalously low, and they laughed at my estimate of 3s. a volume, saying 3d. would be nearer the mark for such a quantity and asking me if I knew how many volumes went to a ton of waste paper. It is about 2,000, and a ton fetches, in good times, about £1. Not, of course, that Uncle Bernard collected waste paper. In short, the best offer for the library is £650, and Bessie is already talking of a car and a cruise to set her up in health. I hate to see the books go out of the family like this, to be catalogued at the best and at the worst, to be flung into open boxes and pawed by innumerable hands. It makes it all the sadder that Uncle Bernard never had time to read so many of them. But I suppose it cannot be helped. I am keeping the pens as a memento of dear Uncle B., but I have no heart to write at present.

Your affect. Nephew,
EDWARD.

Then Uncle Robert acted.

DEAR EDWARD,

I KNEW literary men were unpractical, and I knew and have had occasion to say, that women knew and cared little about books and that Bessie in this, at least, was a true woman. But I thought her

materialism would have saved her from such gross folly as this. I know Bernard's collection, and it is worth far more than £650. He must have spent several thousands on forming it. Rather than see it thus trundelled away I will myself buy it, if it is not now irrevocably sold. Wire and let me know at once whether it is too late, or whether you will accept £750 from me. I am very distressed about all this.

Your loving Uncle,
R. H.

The last item is a telegram. It consists of the two words " Offer accepted," and is signed Bessie Hilpe.

The Theatre

By E. D. O'Brien

REVIVAL in the drama in the face of depression may mean no more than that there are still plays, which for certain extraneous reasons will yield satisfactory box-office returns.

Two such plays are running at the moment: *Behold, We Live*, by John van Druten, at the St. James's Theatre, and *Too True to be Good* at the New Theatre. Readers who have visited either or both of these plays will be in a position to judge just how real is the "looking-up" process in the theatre to-day. For both these plays are "popular" and representative. The one, which has been called "A Modern Tragedy," is a slight, and well-acted work. It is, however, no more a tragedy than the other, *Too True to be Good*, is a play at all.

Behold, We Live is depressing, competent and slick. But not even a public, which in its novel reading has been taught to swallow "The Book of the Year" at least once a month, to discover "The Truth at Last" on some one particular subject with a frequency which would have astonished the Ancient Philosophers, less alive to the commercial advantages of plurality of truths, than some modern publishers, not even such a public will accept *Behold, We Live* as anything approaching a new revelation in the world of tragedy.

For Tragedy, presumably, in the strict sense of the word, embraces a situation in which a man possessing all virtues, and distinguished above his fellows for beauty of mind and body, is yet unable to escape from an inevitable Fate; a situation in which a man whose powers are such that he can rise above himself and his surroundings, is yet unable to escape from circumstances which in the end confound him utterly.

It thus is something more than the irresistible force meeting the immovable solid. It does not necessarily bear any relation to the mere holocaust. Still less does it come into being as the result of a death or of a broken

heart or two. Dramatically, the latter cases may only be what a well-known daily contemporary would describe as " unfortunate occurrences."

It is no use, then, for the would-be author of a tragedy to get his hero into an impossible position, and then solve the problem by pushing the unfortunate man under the nearest omnibus. The *deus ex machina* even when modernized into an L.G.O.C. driver is sadly outmoded.

It is the fact that the author makes use of this unfair and out-of-date solution, which disallows the claim of *Behold, We Live* to be considered as anything more distinguished than an inferior comedy of manners.

The story of the play is simple enough. If it may be told in the language of the synopsis, it is this :

Sarah Cazanhove has an unpleasant husband and a miserable life. She wishes to end the latter, but happily Gordon Evers, an eminent K.C., thinly disguised as Sir Gerald du Maurier, intervenes and guides her gently back to hope and self-respect, and a flat in Shepherd's Market. She gets rid of her husband. In the natural course of events, the protector and guide becomes the *bien-aimé*. Unfortunately (since this is a gloomy play) the K.C. has an unpleasant wife who refuses to divorce him.

However, the lovers don't let a little thing like that worry them at all, and live happily together for some years, until Gordon's career is affected by the scandal. Things reach a crisis. Somebody or something is obviously bound to go. What is Mr. van Druten to do? Correctly judging that the lady will register deep emotion far better in the last scene than the man, the author brutally does the K.C. to death under the surgeon's knife, and the heroine is left to live unhappily ever after.

This, without its trappings of some not unamusing dialogue, some very competent character drawing, and the most phenomenally loud kisses administered by Sir Gerald du Maurier that it has ever been my privilege to

hear on the stage, is really all there is to the play. It is not much.

Even the moral is the not unfamiliar one these days that life is an unpleasant affair. The acting, however, is good (that of Miss Gertrude Lawrence is particularly fine), the emotions are suitably stirred, the heart-strings effectually plucked. Although I must confess that I saw no signs of a theatrical renaissance here, it is good if depressing entertainment.

As such, for all its slightness, I preferred it to *Too True to be Good*, which was depressing for another reason. It would be unfair to say that the most remarkable aspect of the new Shaw play is the audience which attends it. But I would in all seriousness urge such readers of this REVIEW as may intend visiting this play to pay particular attention to this audience—that is to say, if it is composed of real Shaw "fans." Not only are the majority of the members of it interesting to the biologist, but their attitude admirably underlines all faults, and provides some clue to the correct understanding of Shaw as a dramatist in 1932.

For the mere fact that they giggle and nudge each other, that they laugh at all the places where the author wishes them to laugh, that they swallow with apparent relish the whole stale *ragoût* of half-truths and arrogant over-statements that have come bubbling out of the author's brilliant brain, and have served his "fans" for a quarter of a century, is proof of a delightful paradox. Shaw, the destroyer of so many traditions, is in danger of becoming little more than a tradition himself.

This is extremely important. We are asked by one distinguished critic to approach the play with an "open mind" and see what Shaw will do for us. But an open mind with regard to Shaw is an impossibility. Inconsistency is the last failing of which he may legitimately be accused. In the past we have been taught what to expect. To look for a fine choice of words, for a pretty taste in paradox, for a certain type of joke. We cannot

therefore forget the earlier plays, we cannot forget the background of the last thirty years. To do so is to run the risk of being blinded to a lack of originality in the present work which is astonishing in so gifted an author.

Indeed, *Too True to be Good* might with justice be called Shaw's *Cavalcade*, a sort of cheap omnibus edition of his works. For he has said it all before, and those of us who are of a generation which does not remember the time when it was new and brilliant and exciting may be excused, if for our part we find it a little old, a little threadbare, and (let us whisper it) not a little dull.

Shaw here assumes, on his own admission, the rôle of a preacher. (I am aware that there will be a "preface." That the author will deny the smallest personal significance to the views of his actors. But admittedly, too, his characters are puppets. The hand of the author is clapped over their mouth, they are placed in the background when they have "said their piece," with the genial ruthlessness with which the ventriloquist treats his dolls.) It becomes impossible to separate dramatist from sermonizer.

We have seen the fruits of his preaching and found them unattractive. Fabian Socialism, which still colours the back-chat of the play, is no longer a brilliant intellectual toy, but a dull political dogma which has had a vast influence and done no small amount of harm. The Fabian saints have in part inherited the earth. (One of them became a Minister of the Crown and we remained unimpressed.)

The first act is a not unamusing playlet. But once more we are back in the stirring days of *The Doctor's Dilemma;* once more we have to learn that Shaw dislikes the medical profession.

But the succeeding two acts are incredible. Long, windy sermon succeeds sermon. Character after character adds his weighty tribute of words to the mountain of conventional Shavian thought. Sometimes the lines are fine: always they are finely spoken. Sometimes

perhaps the jokes are not as bad as the audience makes them appear.

The characters drop gratefully into their conventional Shavian niches. The Colonel, embodying authority, is (and how did you guess it?) a pompous addlepate. The Sergeant who reads Bunyan and the Bible is a simpleton. The Private, who has more brains than either, wishes, of course, to remain in his humble station. The Thief is a parson, who (Shades of Samuel Butler!) wishes the fact kept dark because it would break the heart of his father, an old-fashioned atheist.

It is only when we reach the peroration, a fine piece of prose magnificently delivered by Cedric Hardwicke, that our interest is once more stimulated. For the peroration is the confession of failure on the part of the Parson-Burglar. Science has earlier been admitted to be "humbug," the atheist has lost his faith, and to the Preacher the future is all darkness. He yearns for the certainty of the soldier, for faith and simplicity. But it is not to be. His part is to go on preaching—no matter what he preaches.

Here, surely, is the agony of the mere intellectual, the despair of the man who believes in progress, but who has no fixed, no worthy goal. The Preacher can undermine the faith, and shake the beliefs of the simple. And with this power he does incalculable harm, for he can put nothing in the place of the lost beliefs. Does it not all of it bear a significant resemblance to the career of Shaw himself? The same destructive genius, the same inability to point a way out of the morass into which he has led his disciples? Can it be the author is shaken?

It is this question, and the answer to it, which seems to me to furnish the main interest of the play.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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THORNTON BUTTERWORTH

The Book of the Month*

By Christopher Hollis

THE result of Mr. Henderson's revision of Mr. Innes' "England under the Tudors" is an interesting and attractive volume, written in a tone of impartiality and with real effort to understand the different points of view from which that tangled period is approached. There are, it is true, slips in it. Ballard, for instance, was not a Jesuit; he was a secular priest. There are a few definitely misleading statements, as when we are told that the question of the validity of Anglican Orders "turns mainly on the doubt that has been thrown . . . on Barlow's own ordination as a Bishop." For valid ordination a right intention is required as well as continuity.

Then, again, there are other passages from which the student could hardly fail to derive a false impression. For instance, from the passage on page 95, as from so many textbooks, he would surely conclude that Erasmus' was the only new version of the New Testament produced during these years. There is no mention of the work of Cardinal Ximenes and of the Complutensian Bible, which such a scholar as the late Professor Turner of Oxford pronounced to be of far higher merit than

* "England Under the Tudors." By Arthur D. Innes. Revised by J. M. Henderson. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

Erasmus' " Novum Testamentum." Then Mr. Henderson writes of the account of Cranmer's consecration as Archbishop of Canterbury that " on his installation . . . he had qualified his oath of allegiance to Rome " by a recognition of the supremacy of the Crown, and writes a note in disapproval of Mr. Aubrey Moore, who condemns Cranmer's conduct for " servility and dishonesty." The point against Cranmer was not that he would only consent to take an oath of qualified allegiance to Rome, but that he accepted the bulls from Rome and took the full oath while at the same time proclaiming that he would not hold himself bound by the promises that he was making.

Then, again, we are told of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew that " the new Pope, Gregory, sang ' Te Deum ' in solemn state." But it would have been fairer to have indicated to the student that there is, at least, some reason to think that Gregory only sang his Te Deum at a time when all the information that he had received was that the royal family of France had been saved from a Huguenot conspiracy.

It is a pity, too, that in a work of revision Mr. Henderson should, as it appears, have allowed no very clear principle to guide him in the compilation of his bibliography. There are many books there, and many books that have every right to be there. On the other hand, the work of Mr. Campbell, even if not itself included, should have at any rate prevented Mr. Henderson from following in Victorian footsteps and recommending Sir Thomas More's " Utopia " and no other of his works. Too many generations of students have been kept in ignorance that the " Utopia " was by no means the only, and in many ways neither the best nor the most typical, of Sir Thomas More's works. Again, if there is only space for one book about the English Renaissance, surely at this date Seebohn's " Oxford Reformers " hardly deserves selection. Then on Mary, Queen of Scots, we get recommended to Andrew Lang and Hosack —both works of high merit. But since Mr. Innes' work,

the whole of the mystery of Mary has been restudied from at least three new points of view. Judge Parry has attacked it as a lawyer, Mr. Ainsworth Mitchell has submitted the handwriting of the Casket Letters to the tests of an expert, and General Mahon has examined the problems of terrain at Kirk of Field with a thoroughness with which they have never been examined before. None of these three scholars is mentioned by Mr. Henderson. On the Netherlands we find only Motley with the comment, "the classical work on the subject." Now Motley's great work is sixty-five years old and, to quote the "Times Literary Supplement" of July 14 of this year, "his later volumes, if not the whole work, were in a sense already out of date when they appeared." Doubtless we can never know the full story of that revolt until the present Duke of Alva can be induced to publish his ancestor's papers. But in the meantime the work of Professor Geyl which (to quote the "Times Literary Supplement" again) "has shown so clearly how Motley is obsolete and inadequate," should at least prevent the student from relying upon the American writer as his sole authority.

Though generous and fair-minded in their acceptance, yet Mr. Henderson and Mr. Innes do, in large, accept the two major axioms of textbook sixteenth century history—that the Renaissance was entirely a movement of rediscovery and that the Tudors were the makers of England. Now it would be a paradox to deny that the Renaissance discovered a great deal more than it forgot. Yet it is only fair to insist that, discovering, it did forget a great deal. It did not understand Gothic architecture. Erasmus never in all his works quotes Dante. Colet, no doubt, was quite justified in jeering at the decadent scholastics of his own day, but when he aimed his sarcasms at Aquinas, he merely revealed his own ignorance of Aquinas. The Renaissance was a new birth but it was a birth that was in some ways a sleep and a forgetting. There was a good deal of new ignorance mixed in with the new knowledge but we should not guess it from this book.

So again it is a familiar plan to describe in one volume of a series how the Tudors made England and in the next how the Stuarts ruined her. It would be folly, of course, to pretend that the generalization is altogether false. Yet again it requires qualification. To some extent the Stuarts were only reaping what Elizabeth had sown. Mr. Henderson indulges in several passages of rhetoric concerning the Elizabethan sea-dogs. But those sea-dogs, though they beat the Armada, yet on Elizabeth's death did not leave her dominions one acre larger, nor those of the King of Spain one acre smaller, than they had found them. Mr. Henderson's rhetoric also tells us how the same spirit animated the Elizabethan dramatists as that of the sea-dogs. It may be so, but it is worthy of note that in all Elizabethan literature there are but two references to the Spanish Armada and none to Sir Francis Drake.* The only contemporary to write verse in Drake's praise was the Spanish priest, Lope de Vega, in his "La Dragontea."

The controversy about monopolies is just mentioned by Mr. Henderson as also are the Marprelate tracts. But there is no mention of the executions of Coppinger and Hackett. We are told that Elizabeth never again had another servant of the character of Walsingham. But why not? Surely, because, after the execution of Mary Stuart and the defeat of the Armada, people of Walsingham's character went into opposition. And once the Catholic menace which kept them uneasily united was no longer strongly felt, the stage began slowly to be cleared for the struggles between Crown and Puritan. That clearance began not in 1603 but in 1588. Things moved a good deal in fifteen years, and whereas Henry VIII was allowed to name his own successors, the successor to Elizabeth in 1603 was named not by the Queen, but by Cecil her minister.

* A. W. Ward. "Cambridge History of Modern Literature." Vol. V, Chap. XIV, p. 345.

[*Mr. Herbert Agar's Literary Notes will be resumed next month.*]

Wordsworth and Crabbe

By Hugh Kingsmill

WORDSWORTH. By HERBERT READ. (Jonathan Cape. 3s. 6d.)
SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE CRABBE. Edited by ANTHONY C. DEANE, Canon of Windsor. (Methuen. 4s. 6d.)

MR. HERBERT READ'S Clark Lectures on Wordsworth, first published in 1930, have now been reissued in Mr. Jonathan Cape's "Life and Letter Series." Mr. Read gives us a clear and balanced account of Wordsworth's life and character, but it is over-simplified. In dealing with purely mental processes, Mr. Read is a master of subtle distinctions, but his general conclusions, whether about human nature or about the order of the universe, are sometimes disconcertingly abrupt. Wordsworth's revulsion against the French Revolution, for example, he explains as directly and solely due to his separation from Annette Vallon: "From now onwards we find Wordsworth losing faith in France, losing faith in those humanitarian ideals for which France was a symbol. Why? Because he was transferring to this symbol, France, the effects of his cooling affection for Annette. He could not avow to himself his loss of love for Annette; but he could give his uneasy conscience scope in the idea of the country and nation to which she belonged. Wordsworth was recovering his stability, finding his ideal self or personality, his philosophy and his poetic genius; he was losing Annette, his faith in youth and change, his fundamental honesty."

That the memory of his relations with Annette intensified the strong element of hypocrisy and self-deception in Wordsworth, and was thus one of the factors in corrupting his genius, is unquestionable. But, apart from the fact that any reasonable person's enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and for revolutions in general, might legitimately be quenched by its issue in the autocracy of Napoleon, Mr. Read ignores the fact that Wordsworth's love for Annette was a fugitive youthful emotion unrelated to the rest of his life. His conflict over Annette had little connection with his

change from revolutionary enthusiasm to Toryism. It was far more a conflict between the needs of his genius and his sense of moral obligation. Had he frankly recognized this, and refused to sacrifice his poetry to a youthful mistake, his inspiration would not have been clogged so quickly. Even as it was, his severing of his relations with Annette liberated his genius for a few years. Mr. Read seems to recognize this when he says that Wordsworth "was recovering his poetic genius," but when he adds that he was "losing his fundamental honesty," he implies that inspiration can flower while honesty decays. Actually, Wordsworth's best poetry was written in the interval between leaving Annette and setting up as a moralist.

The opposition in which Mr. Read places Wordsworth's genius and his honesty makes one suspect that Mr. Read is lukewarm about Wordsworth's genius; and this suspicion is confirmed when, in another of his transitions from subtlety to abruptness, Mr. Read speaks of "the disastrous significance of his (Wordsworth's) philosophy of nature." Wordsworth's philosophy, Mr. Read affirms, assumes the infinitude of the human mind. To assume this, he continues, makes a man accountable to his own conscience and intelligence, and does away with the need of a God. Further, this assumption contradicts the evidence everywhere furnished in life of "the mind's finiteness and mankind's limitation."

It is as bewildering to have to defend Wordsworth against the charge of assuming the infinitude of the human mind as to have to defend Rabelais against a charge of squeamishness. Everything that is great and distinctive in Wordsworth's work illustrates, directly or indirectly, his line "We feel that we are greater than we know." The ecstasy in his finest work is always mystical—is never, that is, explicable in terms addressed purely to the intellect. A more than mortal love is in his most inspired lines, whether he writes of the cuckoo,

> To seek thee did I often rove
> Through woods and on the green,

or of Coleridge, whom he had judged and condemned with his mind—

> The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
> The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.

In defence of Mr. Read, it must be admitted that almost any conclusion about Wordsworth's attitude to life can be supported from Wordsworth himself, whose speculative meanderings are equally endless and uninspired. At the same time, it is a pity that Mr. Read should not have profited by Blake's experience. Blake was enraptured by Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality." "I never witnessed greater delight in any listener," Crabb Robinson reports, and continues: "What appears to have disturbed his mind, on the other hand, is the Preface to the Excursion. He told me, six months ago, that it caused him a stomach complaint, which nearly killed him." Ecstasy or a stomach complaint—one or other of these experiences must fall to the reader of Wordsworth, and Mr. Read has chosen the stomach complaint.

In his poem at the grave of Burns, Wordsworth said that Burns had shown him

> "How Verse may build a princely throne
> On humble truth."

Wordsworth's celebration of the virtues of Cumbrian farmers and shepherds was for a long time one of his chief titles to esteem. Yet he had very little sense of human character, and this side of his work issues from the moralist, not from the poet. When he introduces other persons successfully into his work, it is only as images of some mood of his own, as in "The Solitary Reaper," or to express some emotion he did not care to express directly, as in "The Complaint of The Forsaken Indian Woman." Humble truth was not really an inspiration to Wordsworth; and while he brought one kind of reality into poetry, it was Crabbe who brought another and less soaring kind.

Crabbe, as Canon Deane's excellent volume of selections shows, possessed what Wordsworth lacked—the

power both to observe and understand others. Canon Deane speaks of him uniting an eighteenth-century manner with nineteenth-century matter, a formal style with realistic themes. But Crabbe's matter is really as much of his age as his manner, though both are sometimes warmed or deepened by his unconscious submission to the imaginative renaissance towards the close of the century. His realism is akin to Fielding's and Smollett's, not to Dickens's. Neither at his worst nor at his best does he anticipate the nineteenth century. He is either far more pedestrian :

> " Counter and Chubb were men in trade, whose pains,
> Credit, and prudence, brought them constant gains,"

or, when his fidelity to fact is kindled by his imagination, more simple, freer from any straining after effect :

> " That window view ! oiled paper and old glass
> Stain the strong rays, which, though impeded, pass
> And give a dusky warmth to that huge room."

The sincerity of those writers who took the poor as their subject matter in the nineteenth century, notably Dickens and Victor Hugo, is warped by a number of sentimental preconceptions. Crabbe does not see types or symbols in his characters, but only human beings. In the story of Peter Grimes, which Canon Deane has unfortunately not included in his anthology, Crabbe portrays crime and retribution as literally as Fielding, and both more naturally and more intensely than Dickens. What Wordsworth claimed to illustrate, Crabbe illustrated without making any claims, that poetry may be built on humble truth. The agonies of a parish-clerk, dismissed for pilfering from the collection-plate, are not a promising theme, but Crabbe raises them to tragedy.

> " In each lone place, dejected and dismayed,
> Shrinking from view, his wasting form he laid,
> Or to the restless sea and roaring wind
> Gave the strong yearnings of a ruined mind;
> On the broad beach, the silent summer day,
> Stretched on some wreck, he wore his life away."

Nearly always, when Crabbe is most moved, pictures of the sea, as he had known it from childhood on the

Suffolk coast, form in his mind. After one has used a poet to illustrate tendencies and movements, one should turn to him at his best, and dismiss these lesser matters from one's mind. Here are three lines of Crabbe to perform this service for one—

> " Faint lazy waves o'ercreep the rigid sand,
> Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
> And back return in silence, smooth and slow."

A Faithful Witness

LAMENT FOR ADONIS. By EDWARD THOMPSON. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

IN the days, already seeming distant, before the boom in war books, some of us remember coming across Edward Thompson's *These Men, Thy Friends*. In that epoch, when careful publishers debated the possibility of issuing a book dealing with so unpopular a subject as the war, the picture we obtained of the " Mespot." campaign seemed vividly drawn and placed in the right proportion. The hectic days when the war was a best-seller came and went and few of us had occasion to alter our opinion of that earlier volume. Now that the subject is again one before which many publishers hesitate, *In Araby Orion* and now, lastly, *Lament for Adonis*, just out, show how little the deep sensitiveness of the poet that Edward Thompson is, and the high level of his prose have varied, while so many brightly-coloured works have been boosted, limelighted and forgotten. This volume deals with the last stages of the Palestine " Holy War," and has the tremendous advantage of being pushed off, as it were, from the widely contrasting consciousness of an American Relief Unit.

It is an easy book to review for anyone who really cares about trying to get established a sane, fair and at the same time inspired view of the lasting crisis of our generation. Just listen to these sentences :—

> You and I will be paying as long as we live. . . .
> I'm beginning to be afraid of Peace—when it comes!
> The crash and splinter of oaks ripped up and sent spinning made even in the heavier noises of ravage and explosion a sound as of sylvan giants busy in wood-cutting. A strip of heavenly Palestine hillside was being blackened and shattered. The dead and wounded subsided into pockets of the violated copse. . . .
> This boy, not yet twenty-three, had more friends among the dead than he would ever have among the living, though he should die full of years. . . .

> For nearly thirty minutes they lay flat in twilight that should have come seeping in, but arrived quivering and expanding in glare and explosion. . . .
>
> To Martin's schooldays' picture of the world of Greek mythology had come a richer splendour, finding it in Palestine to be fact and truth. Oleander concealed running brooks that came as if from Paradise. Cyclamen shone on the dust-bothered hills, the brightest star in their sudden garland of glory when the gentle mitigation of spring followed a winter in itself half spring.

So we go on, through scenes the real significance of which we do not yet know, and perhaps fear to know, enacted at places the names of which belong to Sunday School books, amid sheer beauty that belongs to Eden. Of all the enigma and presage that broods over this narrative, Edward Thompson is one of the most faithful and understanding witnesses.

R. H. MOTTRAM.

A Sketch of Carlyle

CARLYLE. By EMERY NEFF. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

MR. EMERY NEFF finds in Carlyle not only "a splendid bridge from decaying feudalism to the inchoate something we call the modern world," but a challenge to all that the good American has been taught at school, church and on the political platform; and in the present turmoil of the world a parallel to the conditions that Carlyle's "social criticisms" exposed. Encouraged by the fact that "selections from Carlyle have sold in Germany to the extent of 300,000 copies since 1926," he has written this biography. It is an honest, detached, straightforward piece of work, well documented, not tendencious, avoiding controversy, and as an introduction to the man and his writings useful and commendable. The exposition would suit a literary history, but the reader is unable to form from it any conception at all of the justice (or otherwise) of Carlyle's treatment of Cromwell and Frederick, and is not brought to an intimate knowledge of the man or of his works. Mrs. Carlyle remains also in the background; indeed there is a certain relief in a picture of Carlyle that has no high lights or dark shadows.

The best quality of the book is its recovery of the conditions of literature and periodical journalism in Carlyle's day which are made vivid by the author's researches. In the twenties of the nineteenth century publishers began to spend lavishly on advertising, and the firm of Colburn and Bentley "ensured favourable reviews by owning three organs of critical opinion." Puffs in

London were copied in the provinces, and editors were brought to book if only one novel was unfavourably noticed. One rich author presented an editor with a silver inkstand; poor authors supplicated them with letters; and Carlyle's independence when hard pressed is thrown into a strong light. We are also shown how Carlyle's historical works were really written with his eye still on the "condition of England"; how the book on the French Revolution was a warning and how the *Cromwell* and the *Frederick* were intended to point to genuine rulers and to scout the then current notion that the remedy for every evil was to give everybody a vote. The whole sketch, in fact, is carefully drawn, but it remains a sketch because it is content with the outside and does not open those questions which familiarity with Carlyle's life and writings presses upon a reader. In these days safety and moderation are not to be despised in biography, but the subject is not so simple as the author presents it. There are two errors of fact: Hurstmonceaux is not "in Surrey" (p. 168), and a baronetcy does not carry "the Grand Cross of the Bath" (p. 258).

The reader needs to be reminded that Carlyle was much better at diagnosis than at prescriptions, and that, as his greatest living admirer, Mr. D. A. Wilson, has remarked, he had nothing new to say, in consequence of which his manner of presenting neglected truisms explains the widely different estimates concerning him. A style so individual must either captivate or repel. As a tonic he can be powerful, but as a guide he is untrustworthy. With the help given by Mr. Neff the reader has here a convenient, well written, and impartial summary. OSBERT BURDETT.

East and West

THE FUTURE OF EAST AND WEST. By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

SIR FREDERICK WHYTE'S skilfully condensed survey of the past and present relations of East and West brings him finally to the conclusion that "Geneva or Moscow? is the sum of the queries which are written on the whole landscape, from Riga to Tokyo, from the Arctic Ocean to Singapore." His book is, in effect, an eloquent plea for harmonious co-operation between Europe, America and Asia, "towards an agreed end upon generally accepted principles," with the League of Nations in the background, as the source and mainstay of that co-operation. Contemplating the whole mundane scene in serene perspective, Sir Frederick

finds a working hypothesis in the threefold conclusion that (1) Europe remains the central political area of the world; that (2) its old preponderance has been greatly lessened by the new power of America, and that (3) the East comes now to supply a new and weighty element necessitating the establishment of a new equilibrium for the whole. Looking to the future, he perceives that if America and the Far East do not "come in" to complete the "perfect round" of co-operation, or "if the existing organs of the League of Nations are inherently inadequate for Eastern purposes," there will be ground for serious apprehension. Yet in the general outlook he finds promise of appeasement and retains undiminished the Fabian faith, that "the common achievement which awaits all the many families of mankind, is to take their differences to the high ground of a new world order, and there compose them in peace."

This little book is, in fact, an able exposition and vindication of the ideals of international pacifism and, as such, should find favour with those who are able to persuade themselves that Hinduism can be brought to "look upon itself with fresh eyes and remould its doctrine to meet the needs of a more complex and more social order," or that "Western influence has familiarized the educated Chinese mind with the idea of the State, in the political conception known to Europeans." His whole thesis is couched in the language which has become stereotyped amongst "Liberal thinkers" since the great war; nevertheless, his conclusions are not of a nature to convince any serious student of history or political economy, inasmuch as they ignore the fundamental truth that the type of a social structure can only be changed by slow processes tending to modify the character of the individuals who compose it. Meredith Townsend estimated that it would require at least three centuries for the idea of government by law, in lieu of government by human volition, to filter down to the Indian masses and waken them out of their torpor. Owen Lattimore, an eminently scientific observer, considers that the dominant instinct of the Chinese to-day seeks, not to become Western, but only to adopt Western methods as weapons, in the hope of deliverance from the West. Sir Frederick Whyte's conception of the future of East and West is admissible only on the assumption that Asia is being, and must be, rapidly Westernized, probably the most widespread and profound of all the illusions prevalent in present-day politics.

J. O. P. BLAND.

The Riddle of the Irish

IRELAND: DUPE OR HEROINE? By the EARL OF MIDLETON, K.P. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

IN fulfilling the request of the late Lord Balfour that he should write the *apologia* of Conservative policy with regard to Ireland, Lord Midleton has performed an extremely difficult task very well indeed. His book is a clear and succinct account of Anglo-Irish relations from the earliest times to the present day, and it contains all that the ordinary English citizen needs to know about the matter. There are, it is true, one or two parallels from foreign history that are slightly misleading, and it was Henry VII, not his son, who said " if all Ireland cannot govern the Earl of Kildare, then let the Earl of Kildare govern all Ireland " : these, however, are small points, and they in no way detract from the solid merit of a first-class piece of work.

Lord Midleton has an extremely happy knack of going to the root of whatever subject he is treating, and when he says that Ireland had never been so peaceful as she was in 1906, after nearly twenty years of Conservative administration, he is undeniably right. The blame for all that has happened since must be laid at the door of Mr. Birrell, who, when warned of the preparations for the Easter Rebellion only three weeks before it broke out, said, " I laugh at the whole thing." Second only to the incompetence of the Chief Secretary was the imbecility of Mr. Asquith, who hurried over to Dublin to stop Sir John Maxwell from taking the only steps that could prevent another rising in a few years' time. From that moment the final surrender in 1921 was clearly foreshadowed.

The trouble, of course, is that the Irish, like the dog in the fable, always forsake the substance for the shadow, and to-day they are apparently ready to see the country relapse into economic chaos if thereby it can become nominally independent of England. The Englishman, who is a reasonable creature on the whole, can hardly be expected to understand such perversity, and so the two peoples come to cross purposes. Furthermore, there is a widespread, and not unjustified, belief in Ireland that in the last resort England will always give way, and that it generally pays better to be her enemy than her friend.

Lord Midleton writes as a Southern Unionist, and he has some hard things to say of the attitude of Ulster on more than one occasion, but with his general conclusion few reasonable people are likely to disagree, namely, that whatever sins England may

have committed during the last fifty years where Nationalist Ireland is concerned, a lack of generosity has not been one of them.

CHARLES PETRIE.

The Highland Epic

THE LOYAL CLANS. By AUDREY CUNNINGHAM. (Cambridge University Press. 30s.)

THIS is a book for which historians have long been waiting, and there is every likelihood that it will prove to be the final word on the subject of which it treats. Miss Cunningham has made a notable contribution to history, for she has examined the Highland clans as a factor in the life of Scotland from the earliest times, and she has not been content either to dismiss them as savages, or to concentrate solely upon their more romantic aspects. The volume is well documented, pleasantly written, and should at once take its place as a standard work.

The author very clearly points out the difference between the tribal system and feudalism, a distinction which has never been so well defined as in these pages. The tribal chief might or might not be the feudal lord, it made no difference to the clansmen's attitude towards him, but unless the feudal lord were also the tribal chief he could not count upon the undivided allegiance of his vassals. This state of affairs lasted until the old clan system was abolished after the Forty-Five, and it was the cause of much of the unrest north of the Highland Line.

The Highlands looked to the Crown for protection against the great feudatories, and from this it naturally followed that, for the most part, they remained Jacobite, for the Revolution, which Miss Cunningham rightly deplores, handed Scotland over to their foes. The price paid to the Dukes of Argyll and their fellow Whigs for the support of successive usurpers was to allow them a free hand in the northern kingdom, and the massacre of Glencoe, and the judicial murder of James Stewart, were the means they employed to establish their authority.

The author very truly says that Jacobitism was not a thing of romance, but a definite political movement, and she proves her contention up to the hilt. She also makes out a very strong case indeed for the policy of James VII, and her book should do a great deal to correct many popular misconceptions regarding that most unfortunate of monarchs. Altogether, this is one of the most notable historical works of recent years.

CHARLES PETRIE.

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Record of a Career

ONE MAN'S ROAD. By ARTHUR WAUGH. (Chapman & Hall. 18s.)

FOR all we can say to the contrary, it is more than possible that the old English *rentier* class may have practically disappeared within another decade, and that the schools in which their sons were educated may have undergone a radical change. The whole aspect of rural England may also have altered beyond recognition in another ten years. When the domination of the machine and the cult of speed have everywhere turned the village cricket ground into the village dirt-track, the crusted Tories—myself among them, if I live so long—will take Mr. Waugh's book gratefully from the shelves and revive their memories of the past. The first 158 pages of the volume are devoted to an account of the author's childhood at Midsomer Norton, in Somerset, his schooldays at Sherborne, and his undergraduate days at New College. "The elimination of self, the merging of the individual in the crowd—that, I suppose, was the ideal of all education in the nineteenth century," says Mr. Waugh. In a period in which peace and prosperity seemed established on secure foundations, it was not such a bad ideal. It standardized the English middle-class boy, crushed or ejected the individual and produced a reliable "type," whose chief fault was its complacency. But for the average youth how pleasant were those playing fields, how delightful that old-fashioned curriculum in which the Classics predominated! Those of us who belong to a generation junior to Mr. Waugh and have one foot in the modern world and one foot in the past, will find that his pages awaken a queer nostalgia for the *ancien régime*.

The second part of this volume has little of the charm of the earlier chapters. It is the record of a hard-working, honourable and efficient career as reviewer and publisher. With the exception of his cousin, Sir Edmund Gosse, Henry Harland, and his sons Alec and Evelyn, Mr. Waugh appears to have been on intimate terms with very few literary figures of interest to-day. Harland helped him in his career by publishing his essay on "Reticence in Literature" in "The Yellow Book." His old tutor, W. L. Courtney, later, called him in to take charge of Chapman & Hall, whose fortunes he guided with success for nearly thirty years.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly. Mention in this list does not, of course, preclude a subsequent review.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, Vol. I, 1836–1885. J. L. GARVIN. (Macmillan. 25s.)

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN EUROPE, 1453–1932. SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

THE BULOW MEMOIRS, Vol. IV. (Putnam. 25s.)

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA. LANCELOT LAWTON. (Macmillan. 25s.)

EYE-WITNESS. MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. D. SWINTON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.)

THACKERAY. MALCOLM ELWIN. (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.)

READING, WRITING AND REMEMBERING. E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 18s.)

ADVENTURES OF A NOVELIST. GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (Cape. 15s.)

MEMOIRS OF AN ARCHITECT. SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD. (Macmillan. 18s. 6d.)

GREEK MEMORIES. COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Cassell. 8s. 6d.)

MY WORLD AS IN MY TIME. MEMOIRS OF SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. (Faber & Faber. 18s.)

CRITICISM AND CONTROVERSY.

SELECTED ESSAYS. T. S. ELIOT. (Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.)

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA. LUDWIG LEWISOHN. (Thornton Butterworth. 21s.)

BACK TO THE COAL STANDARD. CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.)

THE INDIAN CHAOS. FREDERICK WILLIAM WILSON. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

FICTION.

THE GODS ARRIVE. EDITH WHARTON. (Appleton. 7s. 6d.)

THE HOUSE UNDER THE WATER. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

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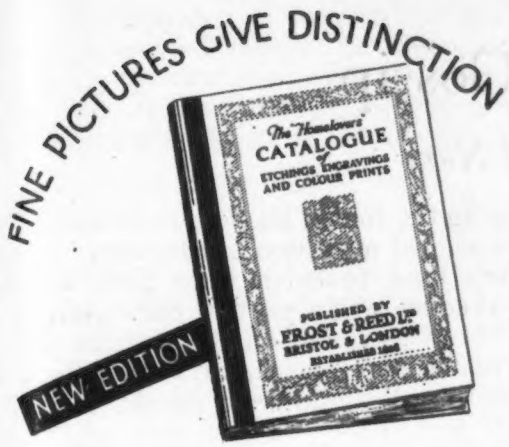
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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

WHEN in Zante the other day on a trip to the Ionian Islands, I saw a number of swallows flying overhead on their annual migration southwards. It was not so many years ago that the islanders used to catch these little winged travellers, and I regret to write that the practice was a popular one. Actually, they fished for swallows. On the tops of the houses, and on the steeples of the churches, fishing rods with lines and fly hooks were placed, with the light line floating in the wind. The swallows took the flies and were caught with the hooks.

* * *

PUNT shooting in Hampshire and the Fen district is excellent sport when the wild duck are coming in, but it is in the lakes of Northern Ontario that I have seen the punt gun used with the greatest effect. There, lying hidden in wild rice beds off-shore, around which thousands of ducks alight on their journey southwards, several hundred duck can be easily shot in an afternoon. But better still from a sporting point of view is it to be hidden in a weighted barrel, festooned with reeds and anchored in the shallows some distance from the shore, using an ordinary shot gun or an American magazine gun. Butter-ball, teal, mallards, maganzas, red-heads and widgeon can be picked out with discrimination as the flocks circle wildly round overhead after the first cartridge is discharged and its echoes continue to be heard around the wooded lake side in a clear, frosty atmosphere.

* * *

THESE days there is very little shooting in the British Isles of wild swans, though I hear one or two are shot in Sutherlandshire, near Bonar Bridge. I shot several in North Russia (where the superstitious Kareltans venerate the white swan), not knowing of this bird's "religious" immunity from destruction, but happily all ended well.

Few realize the rapidity of the flight of the wild swan in full feather when flying before the wind. It is well over a hundred miles an hour, and in aiming it is essential to head the bird at least 10 feet.

* * *

BIG-GAME shooting is, however, the ambition of a number of sportsmen, the one drawback to its fulfilment being the cost. Yet it does not require permanent residence in a tropical climate to shoot either an elephant, lion, bison or tiger. I know quite a few sportsmen who are intending to spend a month or two this winter in East Africa, inland from Nairobi, in quest of elephant, lion and the many other types of big game that abound in this wonderful countryside. The cost of such an expedition is, roughly, £1,000 for a single individual; but, if a party of two go, about £700, and, if three, about £600 apiece. This gives a sportsman at least five weeks' hunting, and covers all costs from home to Africa and back, and the loan of all the necessary servants, camps, equipment and guns, and, what is more important still, the services of the finest expert hunters in East Africa, one of whom has a thousand elephants to his credit. It speaks volumes for the enterprise of our tourist companies that this side of human activity is catered for nowadays, and I strongly advise anyone who desires to shoot big game to communicate with Captain George Lunn, of Portman Square, who can make all the necessary arrangements.

I WAS interested to hear that a good-sized black bear had been shot on the north-eastern slopes of the Pyrenees a short time ago. I mention this as all the guide-books of that district state that the black bear is not now to be found there, and it would not be conducive to holiday fun if a tourist there happened to come across Bruin on the mountain path.

* * *

THIS reminds me of a good tale I heard when shooting bear in the Canadian North-West. The incident itself happened on the North Shore of Lake Huron, where up the Mississauga River a party of Chicago sportsmen had gone to shoot and fish. One of the party, out by himself, came across two fine bear cubs and appropriated them, thinking what an excellent gift he could give to his friends in Chicago and how much they would admire his prowess.

But he counted without his host. Mother Bear came on while he was yet some distance from camp, and he had, perforce, to drop the cubs and run, taking refuge up a tree. The enraged mother followed and, to his consternation, climbed the tree after him.

Unarmed, it seemed as if nothing could save him, and in a fit of final desperation he struck at the bear with his only weapon, a pipe.

The pipe, which he had only recently lit, by chance hit the bear on its nose, and to the cold exterior of that nose the hot baccy clung. This was more than the bear had bargained for, and the baccy burnt fiercely thereon. With a muffled roar the bear descended the tree as swiftly as possible to rid its nose of the burning and clinging baccy, which, when done, she seized her cubs and trotted off at a merry pace, leaving the Yankee sportsman amazed but thankful at his unexpected deliverance.

* * *

THE rate of exchange has hit a number of British subjects who, for economy reasons, were compelled to reside during post-war years in France and Italy. Some are finding their way back home, and some are living in Alexandria and in South-East Europe. The Ægean Islands are favoured also. These colonies of British subjects are being joined by families from the South of Ireland, tired of the perpetual political strife, the growing taxation and the steady rise there in the cost of living. Quite a number of Irish families have settled permanently in Devon and Cornwall.

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Correspondence

Barbarism and Sir Leo Chiozza Money

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—At the risk of breaking the butterfly of paradox upon the wheel of debate, I should like to make some sort of reply to Sir Leo Chiozza Money's article, "England and the New Barbarism," in your October number. His pleasant method—it is bad because it is German and it is German because it is bad—has the air rather of an amusing essay in Chestertonian invective than of a sober piece of criticism. But let me take his objections seriatim.

The matter of racial ancestry need not detain me, for the English have the good fortune to be of an origin so mixed that anyone may discount the particular national factor which rouses his antipathies. I think, however, that few of us are so atavistic as to care greatly in what proportions our blood is mixed.

Next, it seems to be a sore point with the writer that the influence of which he disapproves is emanating from "defeated" Germany. Here I do not quite understand him. Is he disappointed that there were not special clauses dealing with art and literature in the Versailles Treaty? It would appear, at all events, that the B.B.C. is robbing us of the fruits of victory by providing a regular "German Talk." I hope it is doing the B.B.C. no more than justice to suggest that in this matter they are actuated more by a desire to be useful to those who find the German tongue important in business and to those who do not share Sir Leo's dislike of it on euphonic grounds, than by any exclusively national bias.

Passing to another aspect, it is difficult to reject the suspicion that Sir Leo, like the notorious City Councillor, "knows nothing about art but knows what he likes." For four hundred years Germany has produced no art that could be competently recognized as worthy of comment, and certainly none that could have any effect upon the art of other countries. At the present time German painting has just begun to absorb the French influence which British painting had finished with ten years ago. In the matter of sculpture, it would seem that Sir Leo belongs to the "how-would-you-like-your-wife-to-look-like-that" school of —I was going to say "thought," but perhaps comment would suit the case better. He has, at any rate, plenty of opportunity for solace in a stroll among the bronze frock-coats of the London streets.

Such foreign influence as is readily discernible in present-day English architecture is almost entirely American, and bad American at that—a statement which I would support at length if I had space. The Stratford-on-Avon Theatre is unique in this country. I suppose that to draw attention to the excellencies of its architecture would be to dub oneself a "pro-German" (suitability of design to material, setting and purpose having been, admittedly, re-discovered earlier in Germany than elsewhere). I will be content, then, with wondering whether Sir Leo remembers the former Shakespeare Theatre, mercifully destroyed by fire. If he did, I could hardly think he would fling the phrase "trivial ornament" at the new building.

I cannot deal here with his attack on modern literature except to remind him that German novelists did not invent incest. After all, Sophocles should be given his due, and it may be well to point out, at the same time, that only the absence of an up-to-date psychological vocabulary permits Lear and Ophelia and Othello to escape from the popular stigma of being "unpleasant" characters.

However, let us not be too serious. When Sir Leo solemnly points out that there are few references to Germany in all Shakespeare I just cannot share his solemnity. There are still fewer references to Venezuela, so let us beware of the new Venezuelan cult of barbarism.

Yours, etc., FRANCIS WATSON.

Castle Bolton, Yorkshire, October 17, 1932.